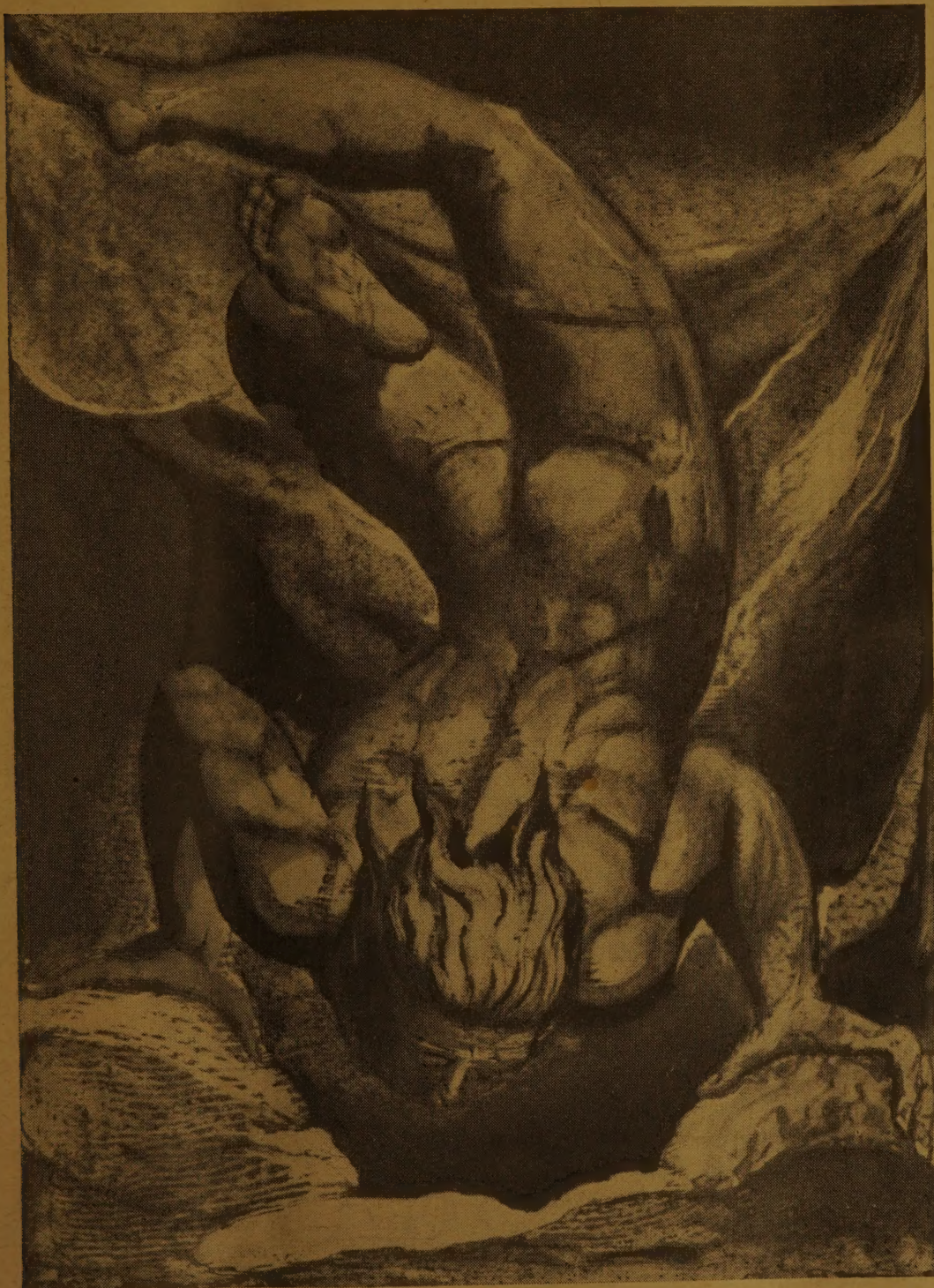


The Listener

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'Urizen attempting to push through the clouds', an illustration from the copy of William Blake's *Book of Urizen* published in 1815 and now in the Library of Congress. Blake was born on November 28, 1757 (see pages 879-80)

In this number:

The Problem of Eastern and Central Europe (George F. Kennan)
Thorstein Veblen, an Economist Outsider (T. W. Hutchison)
The Ladies' Alpine Club (Marjorie Milsom)



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CONTENTS

THE REITH LECTURES:	PHILOSOPHY:
Russia, the Atom, and the West—III (George F. Kennan) 867	The Haunted Universe—II (J. W. N. Watkins) ... 883
THE WORLD TODAY:	NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ... 884
Ceylon: the Happy Island (Gerald Priestland) ... 870	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:
What Price the Sterling Area? (John Wood) ... 875	From Oswald Hull, Peter Rowe, Donald F. Egner, Professor J. Isaacs, John C. Appleby, John Baker, Rev. James C. G. Greig, R. G. Davies, Michael B. Rubinstein, R. W. P. Luff, and H. J. Godwin ... 888
THE LISTENER:	THE LISTENER'S BOOK CHRONICLE ... 891
Leisure Class ... 872	CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts) ... 872	Television Documentary (Martin Armstrong) ... 896
DID YOU HEAR THAT?	Television Drama (J. C. Trewin) ... 896
Building a New Cathedral (John Burns) ... 873	Sound Drama (Roy Walker) ... 897
Plumptre the Purifier (Maurice Hussey) ... 873	The Spoken Word (Michael Swan) ... 899
D. H. Lawrence—Schoolmaster (Ronald Cox) ... 874	Music (Dyneley Hussey) ... 899
A Ballet Exhibition (Barbara Hooper) ... 874	MUSIC:
Jackdaws in the Chimney (Patrick Macnaghten) ... 874	Diderik Buxtehude: a Lonely Figure (Harold Truscott) ... 901
BIOGRAPHY:	BROADCAST SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE ... 903
Thorstein Veblen (T. W. Hutchison) ... 877	NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS ... 903
The Blind Organist (Leonard Clark) ... 887	CROSSWORD No. 1,435 ... 903
ART:	
Blake and Reynolds (Edgar Wind) ... 879	
Round the London Galleries (Andrew Forge) ... 890	
MOUNTAINEERING:	
The Ladies' Alpine Club (Marjorie Milsom) ... 881	

Russia, the Atom, and the West

The Problem of Eastern and Central Europe

The third of six Reith Lectures by GEORGE F. KENNAN

I REFERRED in last week's talk to the specific issues involved in the relationship between the Soviet Union and the West. These issues fall generally into two categories: the basic ones, by which I mean disagreements over things such as frontiers and the political control of territory, and the secondary ones—ones flowing, in this case, from the military rivalry that has now grown up between Nato and the Soviet bloc. Here it is the basic ones—and one of them in particular—that I want to discuss.

I would know of no basic issues of genuine gravity between Russia and the West other than those arising directly from the manner in which the recent world war was allowed to come to an end. I am referring here particularly to the fact that the authority of a united German Government was expunged on the territory of Germany itself and throughout large areas of Eastern Europe, and the armies of the Soviet Union and the Western democracies were permitted to meet in the middle of this territory and to take control of it, before there was any adequate agreement among them as to its future permanent status. This situation was, of course, the combined result of the unconditional surrender policy, which relieved the Germans of all responsibility for the future status of this area, and the failure of the Allied Governments to arrive at any realistic understandings among themselves about it while the war was on.

Since it has not been possible to reach such understandings subsequently, except in the case of Austria, the provisorium flowing from these circumstances has endured. It is this that we are faced with today.

There is, of course, a similar problem in the Far East. A

precisely analogous situation prevails in the case of Korea and Formosa. The Allies dislodged the Japanese from these areas without having arrived at any proper understanding with the Russians as to their future status. There, too, the question remains open; and it does indeed constitute an issue in the relations between the Soviet Union and a portion of the Western community.

For reasons of time and of simplicity, I shall restrict myself here to the European theatre, though much of what I shall have to say would have its applicability to this situation in the Far East as well. In Europe the difficulty obviously breaks down into two parts: the satellite area and Germany.

I am sure there is no need for me to go into details about the situation in the satellite area. You all know what has happened in these past three or four years. The Moscow leaders made an attempt to undo some of the harm that Stalin had done with his policies of ruthless political oppression and economic exploitation. The first effects of this relaxation—as shown in the disorders in Eastern Germany and Poland and later in Hungary—was not to reconcile people to the fact of Soviet rule but rather to reveal the real depths of their restlessness and the extent to which the post-war arrangements had outworn whatever usefulness they might once have had. The Soviet leaders, startled and alarmed by these revelations, have now seen no alternative, in the interests of their own political and military security, but to reimpose sharp limits to the movement for greater independence in these countries, and to rely for the enforcement of these restrictions on the naked use or presence of their own troops.

The result has been, as we all know, the creation of an

extremely precarious situation, dangerous and unsatisfactory from everyone's standpoint. The state of the satellite area today, and particularly of Poland, is neither fish nor fowl, neither complete Stalinist domination nor real independence. Things cannot be expected to remain this way for long. There must either be further violent efforts by people in that area to take things into their own hands and to achieve independence by their own means, or there must be the beginning of some process of real adjustment to the fact of Soviet domination. In the first of these contingencies, we in the West could easily be placed once more before the dilemma which faced us last year at the time of the Hungarian uprising; and anyone who has the faintest concern for the stability of the world situation must fervently pray that this will not happen.

Will the Hope for Independence Die?

As for the second alternative, which at this moment appears to be the more likely of the two, it seems no less appalling. If things go on as they are today, there will simply have to be some sort of adjustment on the part of the peoples of Eastern Europe, even if it is one that takes the form of general despair, apathy, demoralisation, and the deepest sort of disillusionment with the West. The failure of the recent popular uprisings to shake the Soviet military domination has now produced a state of bitter despondency throughout large parts of Eastern Europe. If the taste or even the hope for independence once really dies out in the hearts of these peoples, there will be no recovering it; then Moscow's victory will be complete. Eastern Europe will then be permanently lost to Europe proper and to the possibility of any normal participation in international life.

I can conceive of no escape from this dilemma that would not involve the early departure of Soviet troops from the satellite countries. Recent events have made it perfectly clear that it is the presence of these troops, coupled with the general military and political situation in Europe, which lies at the heart of the difficulty. Only when the troops are gone will there be possibilities for the evolution of these nations toward the institutions and social systems most suited to their needs; and what these institutions and systems might then be, is something about which I think we in the West can afford to be very relaxed. If socialism is what these people want and need, so be it; but let it by all means be their own choice.

It is plain that there can be no Soviet military withdrawal from Eastern Europe unless this entire area can in some way be removed as an object in the military rivalry of the Great Powers. But this at once involves the German problem. It involves the German problem not only because it implies the withdrawal of Soviet forces from Eastern Germany, but because so long as American and other Western forces remain in Western Germany it will be impossible for the Russians to view their problem in Eastern Europe otherwise than in direct relation to the overall military equation between Russia and the West. Any solution of the problem of the satellite area is thus dependent on a solution of the German problem itself. This is one of the reasons why I am inclined to feel that the German question still stands at the centre of world tensions; that no greater contribution can be made to world peace than the removal of the present deadlock over Germany; and that if, in fact, it is not removed, the chances for peace are slender indeed.

This being the case, I think we cannot scrutinise too closely or too frequently, in the light of the developing situation, the position our governments have taken in the question of Germany in recent years. This position, as I understand it, is one that has insisted, and with good reason, that the modalities of German unification must flow from the will of the German people, expressed in free elections. But it has gone farther than that. It has also insisted that no restrictions whatsoever must be placed in advance on the freedom of a future all-German government to determine its own international orientation and to incur military obligations to other states. Specifically, the Western governments have insisted that such an all-German government shall be entirely free to continue to adhere to the Nato Pact, as the German Federal Republic does today; and it is taken everywhere as a foregone conclusion that an all-German government would do exactly that.

The question at once arises as to what would happen in such a contingency—if, that is, a future united Germany should choose to adhere to Nato—with the garrisons of the various allied powers now stationed on German soil? The Western position says nothing specific about this. But the Soviet Union is not a member of Nato; and while British, French, and American forces would, in this contingency, presumably remain in Germany under the framework of the Nato system, one must assume that those of the Soviet Union would be expected to depart. If this is so, then Moscow is really being asked to abandon—as part of an agreement on German unification—the military and political bastion in Central Europe which it won by its military effort from 1941 to 1945, and to do this without any compensatory withdrawal of American armed power from the heart of the Continent.

This, in my opinion, is something the Soviet Government is most unlikely to accept, for reasons of what it will regard as its own political security at home and abroad. It will be hard enough, even in the best of circumstances, for Moscow ever to extract itself from its present abnormal responsibilities and involvements in Eastern Europe without this having repercussions on its political system generally. It cannot, realistically, be asked to take this step in any manner that would seriously jeopardise its prestige. The Soviet leaders are not likely to be impressed with such paper assurances as the Western Powers may undertake to give, to the effect that a unilateral withdrawal would not be exploited to Russia's disadvantage. The mere fact of Soviet withdrawal, without any equivalent withdrawal on the Western side, would create the general impression of a defeat for Soviet policy in Eastern and Central Europe generally.

The Soviet leaders will therefore see in these present Western proposals a demand for something in the nature of an unconditional capitulation of the Soviet interest in the German question generally; and it will surely occur to them that if they ever should be so weak as to have no choice but to quit Germany on these terms, it would scarcely take an agreement with the Western Powers to enable them to do so. So long, therefore, as it remains the Western position that the hands of a future all-German government must not be in any way tied in the matter of Germany's future military engagements, I see little hope for any removal of the division of Germany at all—nor, by the same token, the removal of the division of Europe.

There are those in our Western camp, I know, who find in this state of affairs no great cause for concern. A divided Germany seems, for the moment, to be less of a problem to them than was the united Germany of recent memory. They regard the continued presence of American forces in Germany as an indispensable pledge of American military interest in the Continent, and they tremble at the thought that this pledge should ever be absent. It is agreeable to them that America, by assuming this particular burden and bearing it indefinitely, should relieve Western Europe of the necessity of coming to grips itself with the German question.

The Situation in Berlin

This view is understandable in its way. There was a time, in the immediate post-war period, when it was largely justified. But there is danger in permitting it to harden into a permanent attitude. It expects too much, and for too long a time, of the United States, which is not a European power. It does less than justice to the strength and the abilities of the Europeans themselves. It leaves unsolved the extremely precarious and unsound arrangements which now govern the status of Berlin—the least disturbance of which could easily produce a new world crisis. It takes no account of the present dangerous situation in the satellite area. It renders permanent what was meant to be temporary. It assigns half of Europe, by implication, to the Russians.

Let me stress particularly this question of Berlin. There is a stubborn tendency in our two countries to forget about the Berlin situation so long as it gives us no trouble, and to assume that everything will somehow work out for the best. May I point out that the Western position in Berlin is by no means a sound or safe one; and it is being rendered daily more uncertain by the ominous tendency of the Soviet Government to thrust forward the East German regime as its spokesman in these matters.

Moscow's purpose in this manoeuvre is obviously to divest itself of responsibility for the future development of the Berlin situation. It hopes by this means to place itself in a position where it can remain serenely aloof while the East German regime proceeds to make the Western position in the city an impossible one.

This is a sure portent of trouble. The future of Berlin is vital to the future of Germany as a whole: the needs of its people and the extreme insecurity of the Western position there would alone constitute reasons why no one in the West should view the present division of Germany as a satisfactory permanent solution, even if no other factors were involved at all.

It would of course be wholly wrong to suggest that it is only the uncertainty of the Western position about the future of the garrisons in Germany that stands in the way of a settlement. I have no doubt that any acceptable arrangement for German unification would be an extremely difficult thing to negotiate in any case. Many other obstacles would be bound to arise. It took ten years to negotiate a similar settlement for Austria. I can imagine that it might also take years to reach agreement on Germany. But I think we are justified in assuming that it is this question of the indefinite retention of the American and other Western garrisons on German soil which lies at the heart of the difficulty; and until greater clarity is achieved about this point, there can be no proper beginning.

Pushing the Kremlin against a Closed Door

It will at once be held against what I have said that Moscow itself does not today want German unification on any terms. Perhaps so. Certainly in recent months there have been no signs of enthusiasm in Moscow for any settlement of this sort. But we do not know how much of this lack of enthusiasm is resignation in the face of the Western position. Until we stop pushing the Kremlin against a closed door, we shall never learn whether it would be prepared to go through an open one. Today, our calculations with regard to Moscow's reaction to proposals for a mutual withdrawal of forces rest exclusively on speculation; for Moscow has been given no reason to suppose that Western force would under any circumstances be withdrawn from the major portion of Germany.

We must also bear in mind that things change from time to time in Moscow, just as they do here in the West. If the disposition to conclude a German settlement does not exist today in Moscow, our positions should at least be such as to give promise of agreement when and if this attitude changes. Finally, the question is not just whether Moscow, as people say, 'wants' German unification. It is a question of whether Moscow could afford to stand in the way of it if there were a possibility of a general evacuation of Europe. Gomulka not long ago promised the Polish people that the day the Americans leave Germany he will take up with the Soviet government the question of the departure of the Soviet forces from Poland. And it is clear that as Poland goes, in this respect, so goes the rest of the satellite area. Mr. Khrushchev has not specifically demurred at Gomulka's position; on the contrary, he has, in fact, even murmured things himself, from time to time, about a possible mutual withdrawal of forces, although he has intimated that the price of a Soviet withdrawal might be somewhat higher than what Gomulka implied. In any case, the interest of the satellite governments in a general evacuation of Germany is perfectly clear. If, therefore, a more promising Western position would not assure agreement at this time, it would at least serve to put a greater strain on Moscow's position, and to shift clearly and definitely to the Soviet side the onus of delaying a reasonable European settlement—an onus which in this case would have to be maintained against the feelings of many people in the satellite regimes as well as people elsewhere.

Are there, then, points at which the Western position could safely be improved? It is hard for an outsider to answer such a question in this rapidly moving time. Only governments are privy to all the relevant information. I can only say that there are two features of our present thinking which, in my opinion, might well undergo particular re-examination.

I wonder, in the first place, whether it is actually politic and realistic to insist that a future all-German government must be entirely free to determine Germany's military orientation and the obligations, and that the victor Powers of the recent war must not

in any way prejudice that freedom by any agreement among themselves. This is outwardly a very appealing position. It gratifies the Western attachment to the principle of national self-expression. It is, for obvious reasons, a position no German politician can lightly oppose. We can hardly expect of the Germans that they should take the initiative in questioning it. But is it sound, and is it constructive?

A peace treaty has not yet been concluded. The powers of the victors have not yet formally lapsed. Might it not just be that the only politically feasible road to unification and independence for Germany should lie precisely through her acceptance of certain restraints on freedom to shape her future military position in Europe? And, if so, is it not a little quixotic to cling, in the name of the principle of German freedom and independence, to a position which implies the sacrifice of all freedom and all independence for many millions of Germans, namely the people of Eastern Germany, for an indefinite time to come? No useful purpose is going to be served by the quest for perfect solutions. The unlocking of the European tangle is not to be achieved except at some sort of a price. Is there not, in this insistence that the hands of a future German government must not be in any way tied, an evasion of the real responsibility the victor Powers bear for resolving this present dangerous situation in Central Europe? This is, after all, a situation which they, not the Germans, created. Are they now to resign entirely to the Germans the responsibility for resolving it?

The second element of Western thinking about the German problem that might well stand further examination is the common assumption that the Western Powers would be placed at a hopeless military disadvantage if there were to be any mutual withdrawal of forces from the heart of Europe.

It is, of course, impossible to discuss this question in specific terms unless one knows just what sort of withdrawal is envisaged—from where and to where, and by whom and when. Here, as is frequently forgotten, there are many possible combinations; and I am not at all sure that all of these have really been seriously explored by our military planners.

But, beyond this, I have the impression that our calculations in this respect continue to rest on certain questionable assumptions and habits of thought: on an overrating of the likelihood of a Soviet effort to invade Western Europe, on an exaggeration of the value of the satellite armies as possible instruments of a Soviet offensive policy, on a failure to take into account the implications of the ballistic missile; and on a serious under-estimation of the advantages to Western security to be derived from a Soviet military withdrawal from Central and Eastern Europe. I wonder how the military implications of a general withdrawal would appear if these distortions were removed.

People will ask: how do you envisage the future of Germany, if not as a full-fledged member of Nato? Is it neutrality you are recommending, or demilitarisation, or a general European security pact?

Nato's Real Strength

These again are problems for the planners. The combinations are many; and they must be studied minutely, as alternatives. No outsider can judge which is best. I would only say that it seems to me far more desirable on principle to get the Soviet forces out of Central and Eastern Europe than to cultivate a new German army for the purpose of opposing them while they remain there. And as for a European security pact—I am no lover of security pacts, and have, as a historian, never understood the great value other people attach to them; but I cannot see that this sort of thing would necessarily invalidate the essential relationships of Nato. It cannot be stressed too often that Nato's real strength does not lie in the paper undertakings which underpin it: it lies—and will continue in any circumstances to lie—in the appreciation of the member nations for the identity of their real interests, as members of the Western spiritual and cultural community. If this appreciation is there, Nato will not be weaker as a political reality, because it may be supplemented or replaced by other arrangements so far as Germany is concerned.

I shall also be asked whether I am suggesting that Bonn should deal with the East German regime, as Mr. Khrushchev says it must if unification is ever to be arranged. This, I think, is very

much Western Germany's own business. The German problem is not going to be solved, as things stand today, by Germans alone. Moscow, try as it may, cannot avoid its responsibility in this question. It is with Moscow that we Americans and British, at any rate, must deal.

The Kremlin would of course like to see the East German regime extort, as a price for unification, some sort of privileged and protected position for itself, as a political faction within a future all-German state. This is obviously undiscussable. But it would seem to an outsider that people in Western Germany could afford to be very generous in defining the stages by which unification should be arrived at. Nothing could be more foolish, on the West German side, than to let vindictiveness, intolerance, or political passion block the road. The long period of Communist rule in Eastern Germany will have left strong marks on the structure of life there. There will certainly be a demand on the Communist side that not all these marks should be obliterated. One can have one's own opinion as to whether they are positive or negative, whether they represent scars or achievements. But there is no reason why many of them should not be taken account of, as facts, in any future settlement. Whether or not, for example, the industries of that region should remain socialised would seem to me, compared with what else is at stake, one of the least important of the problems in question.

My plea, then, is not that we delude ourselves that we can have a German settlement tomorrow; and it is not that we make frivolous and one-sided concessions to obtain one. My plea is only that we remember that we have a problem here, which must sooner or later be solved, and better sooner than later; and that we do our best to see that the positions we adopt with relation to it are at all times as hopeful and constructive as they can be made.

Let me add one last word on the general background of this German problem. One of the arguments most frequently heard in opposition to the introduction of any greater flexibility into the Western position in Germany is that 'you can't trust the Ger-

mans'. It is therefore better, people say, that Germany should be held divided and in part dependent on the West, than that the Germans should once again be permitted independence of action as a nation. This is a judgement drawn, in the overwhelming majority of cases, from the unhappy experience of the past. Many of those who draw it are not acquainted with the contemporary Germany.

I do not share this opinion. Germany is in a state of great transition. One can easily find, within its changing scene, anything one seeks. It is true that many of the older generation are not likely ever to recover entirely from the trauma of the past; they tend to be twisted people in one way or another, which does not necessarily mean that they are Nazis. But I have seen, as an academic lecturer whose own education took place partly in Germany, a little of the younger Germany; and I am convinced that these young people—troubled, bewildered, unsupported at this time by any firm tradition from their own national past—will not fail to respond to any Western appeal that carries the ring of real vision, of conviction, and of seriousness of purpose. The younger generation of Germans are more threatened today by the inroads of a pervasive cynical materialism than they are by any extreme nationalistic tendencies; and it is precisely here, in combating this materialism, that we in the West have given them, I fear, little help or inspiration. To stake our future on the younger Germany is admittedly to take a chance; but I can think of no greater risk than the trend toward nuclear war on which we are all now being carried.

If Germany cannot be accorded reasonable confidence in these coming years then I would know of no promising solution to the entire problem of Europe. To assume that such confidence cannot be given is to cut ourselves off in advance from possibilities that may be vital to our very survival. If we are going to make so negative and so hopeless an assumption, let us be terribly, terribly sure that our judgement is drawn not from the memories and emotions of the past but from the soberest sort of attention to present realities.—*Home Service*

Ceylon: the Happy Island

By GERALD PRIESTLAND, B.B.C. correspondent in India and Pakistan

EVERY time I visit Ceylon from the nearby sub-continent I am struck by the higher standards of living that Ceylon obviously enjoys; by the visible fact that people are better fed, better dressed, better housed, washed and educated. Then I remind myself that it is not fair to regard this as a reflection on the sub-continent, which has some of the most daunting problems in the world, but rather as the results of Ceylon's good luck as well as good management.

Ceylon is going to need all the good management she can find if conditions are not going to slip downhill. But how difficult it is, once you have arrived in Ceylon, to believe that anything could go amiss. Colombo—and I mean no offence here—still has the air of the capital of a British tropical colony: clean, well-kept, gleaming with prosperity. Not one of the motor-cars that jam Chatham Street and the Fort at about lunch-time seems to be more than three years old, and there is obviously intense competition between British, French, German, Italian, and Czech manufacturers to jam the streets even tighter. Above all, for the visitor, there are the jewellers, for Ceylon is an island of gems, especially sapphires.

The people of Ceylon are delightful. They are good-humoured, courteous, and in Colombo especially they are first-rate company, whether for serious discussion, a gay night out, or a picnic on the beach. You make the drive up to Kandy, the old capital of the Sinhalese kings, and again you are full of envy for these happy people. Everything, it seems, just grows, especially the claustrophobic coconut trees which march beside you in endless groves like a moving cage. But there is also tea, rubber, coffee, cocoa, kapok, cashew, breadfruit, jack-

fruit, mangoustine, banana, pineapple, and I forget what else.

The country is so lavish, so bursting with fruitfulness, that you almost feel the Ceylonese must have to beat the crops back to prevent them from overwhelming the place—which is taking things rather too far, because much hard work has to be done on the tea and other plantation crops. All the same there is no doubt that the hot-house bounteousness of nature has encouraged an attitude of sitting under the coconut tree and waiting for the nuts to drop. But just because most visitors never get any further than Colombo or Kandy there is an impression that all Ceylon is like this. It is not, and that is the trouble. Only the south-western corner is lush, the part known as the wet zone, and that covers only a third of the island.

If you look at one of those maps where the locations of the main crops, paddy, coconut, tea and rubber, are marked in different hatchings, you can see at a glance that this wet zone is heavily shaded while the rest of Ceylon is almost blank. That remaining part is, of course, the dry zone, and once upon a time the ancient kings of Ceylon had it irrigated with an elaborate system of reservoirs, or tanks as they are called, but these have been derelict for centuries, and the business of restoring them is a slow and expensive one. Meanwhile the dry zone becomes very dry indeed when the north-east monsoon is not obliging, and when I was there in October the zone was in the grip of a serious drought.

In the past this sort of weather has not been too serious, or the tanks would have been repaired long ago. Why does it matter so much now? The answer is in the birthrate; because in various ways Ceylon has never had such prosperity, the population is now

increasing at the phenomenal rate of two per cent. per year, nearly twice that of India. Fifty years ago Ceylon had only 3,500,000 inhabitants, now it has nearly 9,000,000, and naturally they would all like to live in the wet zone, so there is heavy pressure on the available farmland there. What new land there is to be opened up is almost entirely in the dry zone where nobody wants to go.

We now reach further complications. The inhabitants of the wet zone are mostly Sinhalese and Buddhist, and although they probably came from India in the first place they do not care to acknowledge any kinship with her nowadays. With them live the Muslim Ceylon Moors who are of Arab or Malay extraction, and the Christian Burghers who are of Dutch extraction. Together these communities make up about 7,000,000, all but 500,000 of them Sinhalese Buddhists. This leaves just under 2,000,000 who are Tamils. The Tamils are fairly recent immigrants, within the last century, from Madras and South India. Originally they were brought over by the British tea and rubber planters who found, as did the planters in Malaya, that the local inhabitants were altogether too happy-go-lucky, whereas the Tamil is hard-working and amenable to discipline. He also bred like a rabbit, and when he found he could earn good money he wrote home for his relatives to join him. Between them they set up tight little Hindu communities which had neither language nor religion in common with the Sinhalese.

Before they knew what was happening the Sinhalese discovered that not only had the Tamils cornered the estate jobs but, being intelligent, were getting some of the best government posts too. As the population expanded the Sinhalese found themselves needing those jobs badly, as well as the farms which some of the Tamils had managed to make a success of on the fringe of the dry zone. So ever since independence you find the themes 'Out with the Tamils' and 'Sinhalese only' running through Ceylon politics and causing a good deal of violence from time to time. Seeing that over four-fifths of the electorate is Sinhalese the slogans were bound to be popular. Besides it is true that most Tamils, while reluctant to return to the unemployment and poverty of south India, were equally reluctant to identify themselves with the country in which they were living. By 1953 not more than half of the Tamils in Ceylon had Ceylon citizenship, nor have the Sinhalese made it any too easy for them to get it, and it looks as if in the end not more than one applicant in seven will be accepted. The rest are being declared stateless and a campaign is already under way to ship them back to India, which many of them have never seen.

I am not passing judgement on the rights or wrongs of the case. The Sinhalese are genuinely frightened by the sheer weight of numbers among the Tamils. 'India hangs over us', said one Sinhalese, 'like a giant bees' nest waiting to swarm'.

In April last year Ceylon had a landslide general election in which Sir John Kotelawala and his United National Party were thrown out of office by Mr. Solomon West Ridgeway Dias Bandaranaike and the Mahajana Eksath Peramuna or People's United Front. No one, I think, was more surprised than Mr. Bandaranaike, unless perhaps it was Sir John who was still at a loss to explain his defeat when I met him in Colombo a few weeks ago. He had, he told me, despaired of Ceylon politics and was devoting himself mainly to his farm in Kent.

I think myself that Mr. Bandaranaike won partly because he was extremely clever, as always, in manipulating half-a-dozen minor forces to produce a major one, and partly because history was on his side. By this I mean not only that he identified himself with Mr. Nehru's neutralism which Sir John had openly scorned, but that the growing pressure on land spelled the doom of the big landowning interests which Sir John represented. There were other factors, but in some inexorable way the United National Party with its knighthoods and its refusal to establish diplomatic

relations with China and Russia was doomed in the context of South Asia today. Nobody in Ceylon believes that it has any hope of a come-back, and those abroad who dislike Mr. Bandaranaike might do well to remember that he is probably the best they are likely to get.

Mr. Bandaranaike's Cabinet is one of—shall I say?—extremely diverse talents. The Prime Minister has himself described it as a Cabinet of Prime Ministers and it is certainly true that each one of its members feels himself qualified to make pronouncements on any subject he chooses and without consultation. This leaves a good deal of tidying-up and untangling for Mr. Bandaranaike to do afterwards, and it is a tribute to him that he does it pretty well.

As government since independence had been almost a monopoly of the U.N.P. there was hardly any experience for him to draw on for alternative administration, and as the only way to defeat the U.N.P. had been to form a coalition which included almost every shade of discontentment in the island some of the jobs were bound to go to hotheads. One hears much talk in Colombo nowadays about the country becoming Communist. At the moment I think this is exaggerated. What is happening is that Ceylon, which obtained its independence with the minimum of unpleasantness, is now passing through a kind of delayed-action nationalist fever. It never happened in U.N.P. days because the U.N.P. would have considered it vulgar and disloyal. The U.N.P. also sought to preserve the island from Communism by keeping it hermetically sealed off from the Communist countries. The result is that today, with the eastward windows flung wide open, the Ceylonese have almost no natural immunity to Communism. They are full of good intentions and one can only hope that these will not prove fatal.

One perfectly laudable intention is to diversify the market for Ceylon's main exports—tea, rubber, and coconut produce. For years they have had an almost uninterrupted boom, which accounts for the island's prosperity, but now, with prices swinging against the primary producer, it seems not unreasonable that Ceylon should explore the chances of selling them to the Communist bloc as well as the capitalist West. Indeed the trading of Ceylon rubber for Chinese rice was started by the conservative U.N.P. Government. But one may well, I think, question the wisdom of menacing the British tea plantations with nationalisation. My own feeling is that on this point Mr. Bandaranaike is probably trying to reach another of his ingenious compromises between what is politically expedient and what is really practical. A great deal, indeed, depends on the Prime Minister's sense of balance in these situations. If it ever seriously deserts him the prospects for Ceylon and for western interests there will be bleak. I think it would be as wrong to call Mr. Bandaranaike himself a Communist or fellow-traveller as it would be to call Mr. Nehru one, but I have no doubt that there are Communists very close to him lying in wait for the Prime Minister to make a mistake.

—General Overseas Service



Mr. Solomon Bandaranaike, Prime Minister of Ceylon

'THE LISTENER'

next week will be a

CHRISTMAS BOOK NUMBER

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$7.50, including postage. Special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

Leisure Class

A TRIBUTE is paid to Thorstein Veblen, the American economist and sociologist, by Professor T. W. Hutchison in a talk which is printed on another page. Veblen was not particularly well known in this country except for his book *The Theory of the Leisure Class* which was first published in 1899 and has now gone into many editions. Reading it again today, it is difficult not to feel that this was a somewhat overrated book. Written in an undistinguished way, it contains no references or supporting arguments and as sociology—if it is sociology—it appears to lack scientific precision. Its argument is broadly that from primitive times to modern days most societies have supported a leisure class 'which found its best development at the higher stages of barbarian culture'. Leisure is defined as the non-productive consumption of time, and leisured people as propertied non-industrial consumers. These people, according to Veblen, were not lazy or unemployed. On the contrary they were usually occupied in government, war, sport, or 'devout observances'. They lived upon the productive work of others and signified their position in society by their 'conspicuous wealth' and their 'conspicuous consumption', phrases which have won their place in economic and social literature.

This theory has also been illuminating to historians. It seemed, for example, applicable to the study of the classical civilisations. Were not Greece and Rome societies built around a leisure class, dependent upon a slave population? Modern research has, however, tended to show that the Greek economy was far less dependent upon slavery than was once thought. European medieval history too might be interpreted in such a light: at the top the feudal nobility with a Church consisting not only of supposedly celibate clergy but also of monks and friars (though the monks were of course often 'productive'). But it was true enough that kings and aristocrats were long occupied in government, fighting, and sport, and relied upon the serfs or later the agricultural labouring class to provide most of the national wealth. In the United States of America Veblen detected his leisure class chiefly in the Southern States where slavery existed until the Civil War and where a planter aristocracy lived a fairly leisured existence upon slave and later cheap Negro labour.

Such manifestations of conspicuous wealth have not altogether ceased in the modern world. It takes a curious form when people buy motor-cars which they do not need or even erect television aerials in order 'to keep up with the Joneses'. But a leisure class subsisting on domestic service has now virtually disappeared from both Britain and the United States. It would be difficult, though not perhaps impossible, to find it in the so-called 'people's democracies'. If men today put a high premium on leisure, it is not to indulge in conspicuous waste but to employ themselves as their own masters in decorating their homes, in cultivating their gardens, or in engaging in hobbies. Some people even feel, looking regretfully to the past, that the old leisure classes played a big part in promoting patronage of the arts and sciences. But Veblen was a Puritan (without accepting the religious content of Puritanism). He regarded the leisure class as a burden and not a help to the individualistic society which has always been the ideal of most Americans.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on world affairs

WHILE BROADCASTS from the Communist world concentrated their attention on the declaration signed in Moscow at the end of the meeting of leaders of all Communist-ruled countries except Yugoslavia, Western commentators concentrated on the forthcoming Anglo-French and Nato meetings. Commentators in both worlds paid considerable attention to Tunisia, and North Africa and the Middle East in general.

The Communist declaration bitterly attacked the West, said the Warsaw Pact would be strengthened, reaffirmed the need for 'peaceful coexistence', stressed the unity of the Communist camp and the leading role of the Soviet Communist Party, said that 'national peculiarities' must be taken into account, and denounced all 'revisionism'. A second document, a so-called 'peace' manifesto, signed also by Yugoslavia, called for an end of military blocs, of the manufacture and tests of nuclear weapons, and of 'provocation and plotting in the Middle East'.

While this Communist conclave was going on, the Soviet leaders also conferred with an Egyptian delegation headed by the Egyptian War Minister. Both sides were said to have expressed satisfaction at the talks on political, economic, and military questions. The speeches made by Prime Minister Bulganin and General Amir at a Moscow reception were broadcast in full by Moscow radio. Mr. Bulganin referred to Soviet 'profound sympathy and understanding' for 'the mighty development of the national liberation movement in the countries of the Arab East, among whom Egypt plays such an outstanding part'. He went on:

Despite the collapse last year of the imperialist aggression against Egypt, despite the failure of the military conspiracy launched by the U.S.A. against Syria, the imperialists have not given up their machinations . . . to inflict on the Arab peoples a new colonial slavery under the guise of the Baghdad Pact, the Eisenhower Doctrine and other dishonest means.

Mr. Bulganin contrasted this with the U.S.S.R.'s relations with Egypt, which were 'guided by the high principles of peaceful coexistence and mutually advantageous co-operation'. Finally, the Soviet Prime Minister disclosed Soviet readiness—following the talks with General Amir—to 'render Egypt economic and technical assistance in the development of her national economy'. (According to a broadcast *Pravda* article, already 80 per cent. of Egypt's imports come from the U.S.S.R. and other Communist countries.) In his reply, General Amir expressed appreciation of Soviet understanding of 'the true meaning of our neutrality'. According to *Tass*, the Egyptian delegation, led by the War Minister, had 'had business contacts with representatives of the High Command of the Soviet armed forces'. The new agreement with the U.S.S.R. on economic aid to Egypt was the main topic in Cairo newspapers, according to Cairo radio.

A broadcast article in *Pravda* on the Soviet Union's 'truly selfless and friendly' aid to Egypt and other states, 'which are consolidating their national independence', stated:

Now that the economic might of the U.S.S.R. has grown immensely . . . the colonisers' attempts to hinder the development of the national economy of the independent countries of the East—Egypt, Syria, India, Burma, Indonesia, etc.—are inevitably doomed to failure. In the U.S.S.R. and the other socialist states, these countries will always find a prop and support.

Moscow radio alleged that neither the U.S.S.R. nor any other Communist State had had any intention of supplying Tunisia with arms. Britain and America were doing so not to 'consolidate Tunisia's independence or defensive power':

What occupies their minds is Tunisia's strategic position in the Mediterranean and her natural resources . . . They seek only to drag this Arab State into their aggressive pacts, and subsequently to make her a naval and military base for themselves.

Other points made were that the arms supplies were 'part of the large-scale plan for annexation of North Africa'; that Britain and the U.S.A. had designs on the Sahara's mineral and oil resources; that Tunisia's sympathy was for the Algerian rebels; and that 'Atlantic solidarity looks rather strange now . . . when the largest Nato countries, the U.S.A., Britain, and France, are openly fighting each other for influence in North Africa'.

Did You Hear That?

BUILDING A NEW CATHEDRAL

THE BUILDING OF Guildford's new cathedral is making rapid progress. Work on the chancel and transept has been finished and it is hoped that the nave will be completed in 1959, with accommodation for 1,500 people for the service of consecration. JOHN BURNS described the progress in 'The Eye-witness'.

'The cathedral', he said, 'stands out proudly high up on Stag Hill, which was once a royal park. To reach it at the moment, before three new roads are made, you have to turn off the Guildford by-pass by a large sign which invites motorists to "drive up and see England's youngest cathedral in building. Open nine a.m. to sundown". Then you drive up a long tree-lined avenue. At the top is a large green and beyond that the new cathedral. You will probably stop near the broad steps where one day the great west doors will be. For the moment they must be imagined, but not a great deal of imagination is now needed to picture the nave. The window bays, seven on each side, are completed, and now the builders are preparing the reinforced concrete for the vaulting. The nave today stands fifty feet high; another twenty feet have still to be added. Walking round the outside of the nave you can enter the transept by the south door, through a mixture of old and new, first through bronze doors and then through revolving doors.

'It is a modern cathedral, built on the outside mainly of bricks that are actually made from the clay of Stag Hill itself, in the brickworks at the foot of the hill. Simplicity, but a modern simplicity, is the striking feature of the parts of the cathedral already completed. The chancel has a floor of Purbeck marble and the pillars are of Douling stone from Somerset. The whole building is centrally heated and much of the plasterwork is of a special acoustic plaster. There is still much money to be found. When all is finished the new cathedral will probably have cost about £1,000,000. At present, £135,000 is still needed to complete the nave, and although the cathedral will be consecrated when the nave is completed, it will not truly be a complete cathedral until the tower is finished and the west end built, as well as the Lady Chapel, the sacristy, roads, and terraces. All that will cost another £350,000'.

PLUMPTRE THE PURIFIER

'James Plumptre', said MAURICE HUSSEY in 'Through East Anglian Eyes', 'was born in Cambridge in 1771 and lived in this region all his life—at Clare College and the vicarages of Hinxton and Great Gransden. He languishes in the by-paths of local history and literature and a good deal he wrote is still and always will be in manuscript. But not all, and he might have given a word to the English language like Boycott or McAdam or Bowdler. In fact, very like Bowdler, because he might have taken the place of the famous expurgator who cut all the unpleasant

pieces out of Shakespeare. For although he was a good deal younger than Dr. Bowdler he led him in this rather special art by several years.

'Watch him at work on Shakespeare's song that everybody knows "Hark, hark the lark" to see how Plumptre enjoyed himself. Here is the corrected and purified version published in 1805:

Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings,
The sun begins to rise:
While murmurs break from bubbling springs
Mid flow'rs of thousand dyes;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes,
With everything that pretty is,
For shame, thou sluggard, rise.

'What has happened to Shakespeare's original? First of all, he wrote about Phoebus, the sun god, and his chariot. Plumptre took out his name because he was a pagan god. Shakespeare went on: "his steeds to water at those springs"; since only the sun remains in the purified copy there is no point in horses and chariots. The unimproved piece of "Cymbeline" had the adjective "chalice flowers", and anything with a religious meaning like a chalice Plumptre thought had to be replaced immediately by an innocuous line. The real

surprise comes at the last moment. Everybody sings the words: "My lady sweet, arise", but in Plumptre's copy they have been twisted unbelievably into "For shame, thou sluggard, rise". (If Shakespeare had intended the poem to be a lesson in diligence and industry, a hymn against sloth, he forgot all about it.) Plumptre seized the opportunity and even called the poem "The Sluggard" to make quite certain that people should understand that it was not addressed to any lady sweet at all.

'A lady friend of his had written a poem containing the lines:

The insect-race ordained to keep
The lazy sabbath of a half-year's sleep.

This blatantly permitted laziness and he wrote to her husband about it. Nor could he resist altering another well-known lyric. It had to become: "Under the greenwood tree who loves to work with me". There is something terribly slothful about lying under greenwood trees when we might be doing the garden—quite apart from more dangerous implications—but now we have had it all cleared up.

'It is not surprising that after Plumptre-ising the songs and ballads of the English race he turned a decorous glance towards the current theatre. He selected a number of plays and blue-pencilled whatever he disliked. All saucy remarks and oaths went first of all. And, if a young man should chance to compare his beloved to an angel, the word was anathema to him, and, like Phoebus, out she came. Bowdlerised texts do not contain spurious additions by the editor, but a Plumptre-ridden one cries aloud with positive improvements. In one piece called "Lionel and Clarissa" by



The south transept of Guildford Cathedral, with its bronze doors, and the partly built nave which it is expected will be completed in 1959

Isaac Bickerstaff, a servant remarked: "Mr. Lionel shouldn't be a parson if I could help it". Back like a shot comes the new reply: "No reflections upon the clergy, Jemmy. No order of men, no profession ought to be considered as more honourable and important".

'The regrettable fact is soon apparent: with all his enthusiasm Plumptre was totally unaware of the nature of drama. Demanding moral sentiments the whole while, he soon reduced everything to pious dishwater. The three books of purified plays were ignored although they were freely sent to every playhouse in the country. I have found letters in which he had the temerity to address copies to the Emperors of Austria and Russia with which to reform their stages'.

D. H. LAWRENCE—SCHOOLMASTER

'When Lawrence left Nottingham University College in 1908', said RONALD COX in 'Town and Country', 'he was appointed to Davidson School in Croydon, which he described as "a red rock silent and shadowless clung round with clusters of shouting lads". He stayed there three years, lodging with a school attendance officer in Colworth Road. The headmaster, Philip Smith, recalled him as "tall, very thin though of a large build, a shock of dark hair, small ginger moustache and vivid blue eyes—his expression always showing a kind of confident amusement".'

'Lawrence seems to have been popular both with pupils and staff and in some ways ahead of his time. Classes were about sixty strong, and every teacher will echo his remark: "I can instruct a hundred but I doubt whether I could attempt to educate a dozen". English, nature study, and drawing were his favourite subjects. A colleague remarked of his art lessons that "the whole class acquired his own free vigorous style and painted boldly with huge enjoyment". He was in great demand as scenery painter for school plays such as "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves".'

'Some of his scholars would read his poems that were published in the evening newspaper, perhaps a poem like the one he addressed to Jessie Chambers, a girl he left behind in the Midlands, that begins:

I have opened the window to warm my hands on the sill,
Where the sunlight soaks in the stone: the afternoon
Is full of dreams, my love, the boys are all still
In a wistful dream of Lorna Doone. . .

The boys would pin a reply, also in verse, on to his desk to meet his eye next morning. Instead of annoying him this amused Lawrence. He helped the class to write articles for boys' periodicals, and when their efforts were rewarded with postal orders enthusiasm for essay writing knew no bounds. His approach to poetry for young people was "through rhythm and the ring of words", says his headmaster, rather than "the evasive appeal of unreal and abstract morality".

'As school librarian Lawrence said: "Let them read any rubbish they like as long as they read at all. They will very soon discard the bad".'

A BALLET EXHIBITION

An exhibition which by means of books, manuscripts, works of art, play bills and costumes, tells the history of classical ballet, not only in Europe, but also in the United States and the

Commonwealth, has opened at the offices of the National Book League in London. BARBARA HOOPER spoke about it in 'The Eye-witness'.

'On a smaller scale', she said, 'this does for the whole history of ballet rather what the Diaghilev Exhibition some three years ago did for the ballet of Serge Diaghilev. I imagine most people will make straight for the manuscript conductors' score of "Giselle"; the score that was used for the first performance at the Paris Opera in 1841. There is a first-night atmosphere too about a programme for a gala performance at the Bolshoi Theatre in 1896. The gala was in honour of the coronation of Czar Nicholas II, and the programme is a work of art you would not see in any theatre nowadays.

'If they have not been filmed, what do individual dancers leave behind them except memories? I suppose the most personal things are their shoes, and here is a minute black pair, autographed on the soles and inside, that Marie Taglioni wore at her farewell performance in 1842; and a century later, there is the pair Margot Fonteyn had for the revival of "Petrushka" this year.

'And so we come to books, the main part of this collection. They cover just about everything from the earliest possible beginnings of ballet, when it was only a theory—way back to two manuscript treatises in Latin on the art of dancing, written at the Italian courts in the fifteenth century. One of those manuscripts is insured for £2,000.

'The books take in ballet in ten different countries. There are Ellen Terry's impressions of the Diaghilev Ballet, Ulanova's autobiography, Agnes de Mille on choreography in the United States, and a few oddities.

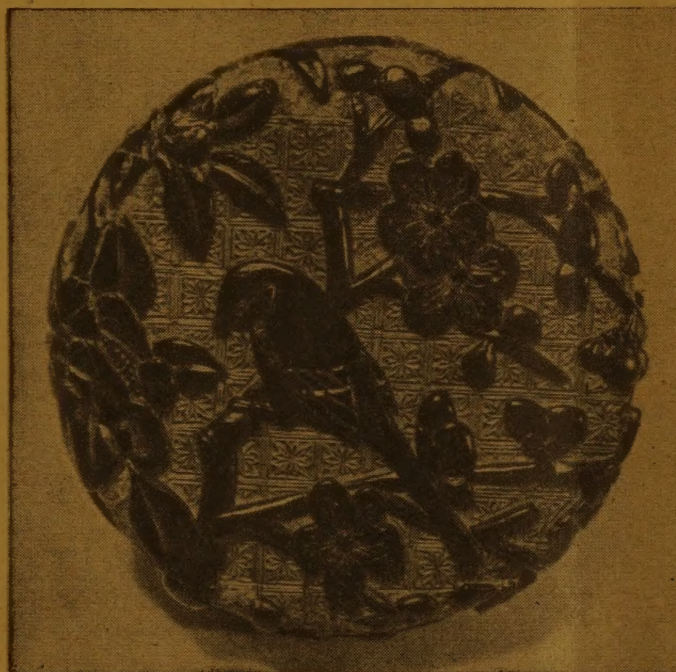
'Take the little book called the *Wandering Dog Club*. Even in Imperial Russia it seems dancers had their fan clubs. When Karsavina was dancing in St. Petersburg before the first world war a band of her admirers used to meet in a cellar. They were rather Bohemian gentlemen, out-of-work actors and poets and musicians mostly, and these "wandering

dogs" published this slim little paper-backed volume—tributes and sketches and poems in honour of their favourite ballerina. What nicer thing could any fan club do than that?'

JACKDAWS IN THE CHIMNEY

'The birds with which I am on the most intimate terms', said PATRICK MACNAGHTEN in a Home Service talk, 'are the jackdaws. They are too big for the bird table, so every morning after breakfast we throw the toast crusts and odds and ends of stale bread on to the lawn for them. And if we happen to be late the jackdaws line up on the wall and make the most frightful din. Then, as soon as the food is put out, they descend in a body and carry it away with raucous cries.

'The drawback to the jackdaws is that they will try to nest in the chimneys and under the eaves of the roof. In the spring we are under a constant state of siege. Whenever we notice a jackdaw heading for the roof with a stick in its beak we lean out of the window and shout. Generally the jackdaw shouts back, but to do so it means he has to drop the stick. I know you can put wire-netting over the tops of the chimneys; but either the sweep pushes it off when he sweeps the chimney or he does not. And if he does not, then he leaves a nice little 'wodge' of soot on the wire and it catches fire. The only way of foiling the jackdaws seems to be to keep all the fires going full blast well into June'.



Cylindrical box and cover, decorated in black lacquer carved on to a crimson brocade ground, now on exhibition at the Arts Council Gallery in St. James's Square, London, forming part of a collection of paintings, porcelain, enamels, and other artistic objects of the Ming Dynasty of China. The box belongs to Sir Harry Garner, Chairman of the Oriental Ceramic Society, who spoke about the exhibition in an interview in 'Radio Newsreel'.

What Price the Sterling Area?

JOHN WOOD answers Mr. A. C. L. Day*

IT has become the fashion these days to belittle the role of the sterling area system. The charges brought against it vary, but the most popular seems to be that our participation in it is too heavy a burden for us, and that in various ways it is an impediment to Britain's economic progress. From this proposition it is argued that we should abandon any attempts to keep the sterling club going and, indeed, that we would do better to dismantle it. Any anxieties that this might damage the international banking business of London are dismissed by asserting that this business is more of a liability than an asset anyway.

I do not share this view. Indeed, I disagree with it altogether, but on three grounds especially. It seems to me to rest on an incorrect diagnosis of our post-war difficulties; an inadequate sense of what could be done now to *improve* the sterling system in contrast to breaking it up; and, finally, it shows insufficient appreciation of the damage that would be done to this country's invisible earnings, and also to world trade.

Policies in Conflict with Realities

We can all agree that something has been badly wrong with the sterling area since the end of the war. There have been too many crises to allow any other conclusion. But surely we must be careful to distinguish between possible faults in the mechanism of the sterling area, and shortcomings in official policies. What these crises show is not that the machinery of the sterling system—most of which is to be found in the City of London—is inadequate, but that inappropriate policies have forced it to work in conditions and for purposes for which it was never intended. Looking back over the last twelve years we can now see how far financial policies have been in conflict with economic realities, and how they have weakened the cohesion of the sterling area. For a long time, deflation rather than inflation was regarded as the greater danger, and budgetary policies in nearly all sterling countries reflected this view, even though it was consistently proved false. In this country, for instance, it is almost ten years since a Chancellor of the Exchequer insisted on a budget with a substantial overall surplus.

Again, cheap money policies have flourished, in spite of the obvious shortage of capital, and the determination in most countries to push through ambitious development plans. In Britain, we stuck to a Bank rate of 2 per cent. for more than two years after devaluation.

It is not surprising that such policies have strained the sterling system or that the balance of payments deficits which they inevitably provoked frequently put severe pressure on the central reserves. Sometimes the loss from the reserves was so great that confidence was shaken and a run on sterling developed. Confidence has been all the more sensitive because the system has been widely regarded as insufficiently liquid. Britain's gold and dollar assets fall too far short of her sterling liabilities, in the way that they are usually presented. I shall have a comment to make on this presentation later.

This problem of liquidity, however, needs careful examination. The facts are these. Before the war, Britain's gold and dollar assets—the reserves—were four times larger than her sterling debts. At the end of the war, and as a result of the war, the position was reversed. The reserves were less than a fifth of the debts, and have remained roughly like that ever since; at present they are a quarter. In other words we can pay our creditors to the tune of 5s. in the £. Incidentally this itself suggests that it may be rather difficult to put the system into liquidation.

This lack of reserves has been a serious handicap. But note its origin. It was in no way due to the working of the sterling system. It was simply the result of deliberately running into debt in India, Egypt, and elsewhere, to pay for the costs of the war. These debts we are paying back in full, having broken our obligation under the Anglo-American loan agreement of 1945, to scale them

down, or to fund them or to segregate them from currently earned surpluses. Nobody yet knows why we behaved in this way. But the failure to settle these balances has been responsible for no end of trouble. It delayed the restoration of triangular trade after the end of the war, and it made the return to convertibility in 1947 a certain failure. It is the background to the serious burden now thrown on the sterling system by India. Over £300,000,000 has been spent from her balances in the last eighteen months, with more than half as much again still to come.

This shows how the nature of some of the deposits by sterling countries has been transformed. No longer are they purely working balances held for convenience or against temporary changes of fortune. They have come to be treated as additional sources of capital for development and so have made inflationary policies easier. Britain thus finds herself not only providing capital through the market in the normal way, but at the same time we have had to find finance to meet drawings from these balances in unprecedented amounts, and without notice. This is not an essential feature of the sterling bank. The bank would still be a bank, even if some of its funds were on deposit rather than on current account.

Looking at this background of successive crises, and of policies which have given little priority to strengthening the sterling system, what must impress the observer most is that the sterling area still exists at all. And since it not only survives intact, but has also been playing its traditional role with increasing success, then surely this argues greater inherent strength and community of interest than the critics admit? Perhaps countries find membership worth while, since they do not resign. Certainly I do not deduce that the system has no future simply because it has had a troubled past.

Moreover, in the endless analysis of its problems and crises, it has been overlooked that the system continues to carry out its traditional functions with success. Today the sterling system is not only an area within which trade, payments and capital still move more freely than elsewhere, but also a system which offers many valuable facilities to non-members. The paradox is that what the critics complain of is not that it does not work but that it works too well. Here I should like to take issue with Mr. Day.

Sterling as an International Currency

Consider first the use of sterling as an international currency. I agree with Mr. Day that when one says that sterling finances about half the world's trade, one may merely be saying that the trade of the sterling area is financed in sterling. But *some* other trade is certainly invoiced in sterling, and in addition the use of sterling to settle the outstanding indebtedness between many other countries and areas in the world has greatly increased, through the facilities of the transferable account system. Mr. Day suggests that these facilities ought to be withdrawn. I wonder what the effects would be on world trade. I suggest that there would be chaos: and I am inclined to think that Mr. Day's statement that 'we could all settle perfectly well in dollars, through E.P.U. or by bilateral arrangements' may be something of a simplification. Bilateral payments lead to bilateral trade, and we have only to recall the state of European trade in 1947 before the introduction of the Inter-European Payments Agreement to realise what this might mean.

Moreover, the institutional framework for a quick change into some alternative to the transferable account system simply does not exist. No other country can rival the comprehensive network of branches maintained throughout the world by British banks. It is true that this service may not, of itself, bring in much income. But it has its advantages. It is of incalculable value to this country: and it makes traders overseas want to get hold of sterling because of the ease with which it can be used for making pay-

* In a talk printed in *THE LISTENER* on November 21

ments. Curtailing these facilities would merely make sterling less attractive, and might well provoke the kind of speculative crisis against the £ we all wish to avoid.

Exporting Capital

Take next the question of capital. In spite of all the difficulties, Britain has re-emerged as a leading exporter of capital, with an extraordinary record of investment in the Commonwealth. No less than 70 per cent. of investment in the Commonwealth from outside during the first ten years after the end of the war came from Britain, compared with only 15 per cent. from America.

Mr. Day thinks that we should 'reduce the amount of lending we do overseas rather than increase it', by government control of the flow of capital to the sterling area. I cannot think that this would be in anyone's interest. It has always been part of the rationale of the sterling system that Britain provides capital. To change this would make the club less attractive to members, so that once again there would be less reason for countries to continue to keep their deposits in London. Moreover, it has come to be generally felt that we have an obligation to lend money to promote economic progress in the underdeveloped countries. I am a little surprised to find Mr. Day suggesting that we should do less in this direction, and one wonders which political party he hopes to persuade to change its attitude on this point.

Finally, it is far from clear whether to lend less abroad would really be in Britain's own interest, even on narrowly economic criteria. Everyone knows that during the war we had to sell many of our foreign investments. What has happened since the end of the war seems to be less appreciated. The figures are interesting. Overseas investment income fell during the war from £150,000,000 to £100,000,000. By 1952, however, it had been restored, in money terms, and in 1955 was over £200,000,000. This is extremely useful in helping us to balance our international accounts. I certainly do not understand the idea that since we have heavier overseas commitments to meet, we can therefore all the more easily afford to forgo one of the most important ways of meeting them. And Mr. Day's argument that if we invest the money at home we should also enjoy the wages and taxes which it provokes, as well as the profits we now import, seems to me to be fallacious. If it is not, I wonder what has ever been the point of any international investment? In short the case for imposing further restrictions on payments and investment of capital has yet to be made out.

The City's Earnings

My chief disagreement with Mr. Day, however, concerns his estimate of the City's contribution to the country's foreign exchange income. This is an important point, for it is here particularly that the critics seem unaware of the damage which their advice might do, if adopted. Mr. Day states that 'it is unlikely that the net earnings arising from the international financial services provided by London amount to more than £20,000,000 or at most £30,000,000 a year'. These figures, he added, include various indirect earnings, such as insurance. Even £30,000,000 of foreign currency is something: but I know of no foundation for this estimate, nor can I understand how it was calculated. I am certain that it is ridiculously low.

The City earns foreign exchange in many ways, through the complete range of financial services it offers, and also through the unique complex of markets for commodities, insurance, shipping, and, of course, money itself. Though it is extremely difficult to get reliable figures, one can get together some rough estimates. The most important source of invisible income is the insurance market. Its net foreign exchange earnings are on average about £40,000,000 per year. Then there is London as a merchanting centre. This probably brought in about £30,000,000 last year. I have in mind the work done by the commodity markets and the large merchanting houses in buying and selling throughout the world every kind of produce and raw material. The turnover of this merchanting business in 1956 was of the order of £800,000,000, excluding sales of goods to the United Kingdom.

Next in importance comes shipping, in the sense of the commissions earned on the Baltic exchange by chartering and broking, but excluding money earned by the shipping industry itself

through freights. No reliable recent estimate is available, but the answer is unlikely to be less than £20,000,000.

From these three sources alone, therefore, net foreign exchange earnings are about £90,000,000.

There is still the capital market to be considered. Apart from the rate of interest paid by foreigners on the money they borrow, City institutions bring in foreign exchange by arranging loans and credits. Beginning with the traditional type of short-term finance for exports, we can take a figure of £200,000,000 for outstanding acceptances on foreign accounts. This excludes many other types of bill finance that exporters use. Then there are credits for about £150,000,000 on short term—that is about two years—and £200,000,000 on medium term—that is up to seven years—used by overseas borrowers from London. And on top of this, an average of £60,000,000 of permanent capital is raised on the London market by borrowers outside this country. The fees and commissions for arranging these loans and credits are worth over £10,000,000.

General Banking Services

Finally, there is the whole range of what are called general banking services. This is a difficult item. London banks keep accounts for foreigners and offer them every kind of banking facility. City houses manage foreigners' investments, act as paying agents for foreign governments and companies, and so on. If we include here the interest charged by London banks on loans and overdrafts to foreigners where these are permitted by the authorities, as well as the revenue from the foreign exchange and bullion markets, then it would surely be reasonable to accept a figure of about £10,000,000, as the best guess that can be made, and this makes some allowance for the interest the London banks have to pay on deposits belonging to overseas customers.

We have to think, therefore, of a figure of about £110,000,000 as the right order of magnitude for the City's net overseas earnings. But if we include the cost of money which foreigners pay for all kinds of export finance, then the figure rises to about £150,000,000. This still excludes income from overseas investments which have been made in the past, which is as much again. These may seem to be formidable figures. Moreover, unlike manufacturing industry, the city earns its foreign exchange without running up any kind of import bill. It would be interesting to know how many of Britain's leading export industries can claim to bring in as much net foreign currency. I should like to suggest that recommendations for policy which assume that the City is a negligible source of foreign currency ought, perhaps, to be reconsidered if this assumption proves untrue.

I do not want to leave the impression that there is nothing we can do to improve the working of the sterling system. To begin with, there is not half enough information about it, and its public relations, in the broadest sense, are deplorable. The way the area works is widely misunderstood, both in Europe and in America. Even within this country it has only recently become generally realised that the monthly figures for the change in the central reserves reflect not merely Britain's fortunes but the net result of all the transactions of every sterling country with all the rest of the world.

Why do we stick to such a curious way of setting out the reserves and liabilities, which make the picture look blacker than it need be, on both sides of the balance sheet? Ought we not to say a little more frequently that the figure usually given for the reserves—now about £800,000,000—is in fact only about half of the true reserves of the whole sterling area, since it excludes British Government's secondary reserves of dollar securities, and the gold and dollar assets held by other members of the sterling area? Again, it is curious that we know virtually nothing about the precise composition of the sterling liabilities. How much of the £4,000,000,000 is really held in such a form that it can be cashed at a moment's notice? Countries outside the sterling area are at present certainly short of sterling. Their balances are at a minimum. The larger part of the Colonial balances are held in long-term government securities, and are in any case still controlled by the authorities here. At least a substantial part of the balances of the independent sterling countries represents their

(continued on page 886)

An Economist Outsider

T. W. HUTCHISON on Thorstein Veblen

THORSTEIN VEBLEN was surely one of the weirdest figures ever to appear on the American intellectual scene, or at any rate in America's 'groves of Academe'. In the two inter-war decades his writings and ideas had an extraordinary vogue in his own country, coming in for both extravagant praise and blind rejection. In presidential terms Veblen lived from Lincoln to Hoover, and he died in 1929, two months before the greatest of its hurricanes swept over the American economy and seemed to justify so much of his pessimistic analysis and bitter prophecies. In the 'thirties, progressive intellectuals supporting, or to the left of, the New Deal, came to treat him as something of a major American prophet. Incidentally, long before, in his essay on Karl Marx, Veblen himself had written of 'a *New Deal* for the working classes', whether or not that is the source from which Roosevelt derived the phrase.

Today, more critical and balanced estimates of Veblen's work prevail, but the interest in it continues to be wide and lively in America, judging from the many new editions of his works, and from the books, theses, and articles about him which still frequently appear. For example, in a recent series of monographs put out by an American publisher on the great influential intellectual figures of the last 100 years, Veblen is prominently placed on the list alongside men like Darwin, Einstein, Freud, and Keynes. Therein, by the way, is a really brilliant critical study by David Riesman.

In this country, on the other hand, in spite of some enthusiastic references years ago by Graham Wallas and Laski at the London School of Economics, and a book by J. A. Hobson, Veblen's writings seem to have remained largely an unknown or unread quantity, though some of his more famous phrases like 'conspicuous consumption' have percolated through. One reason for this indifference to Veblen's works has been the lack of interest in this country, until the last decade or so, in American history and thought; for most of his books were very American in their contexts and problems, and to a great extent topical American tracts for the times, in spite of the ponderous anthropological terminology and generalisations with which he often decked them out.

Moreover Veblen's works are not economics, as relatively precisely conceived by British economists, who have not had much interest in the kind of explorations in economic sociology of Pareto, Max Weber, or Schumpeter, much less of Veblen. Not being economics and not exactly being sociology, which in any case for a long while had not much of a place in universities over here, Veblen's works, academically speaking, have just not existed.

Veblen was in a most genuine and quintessential sense an 'outsider'—rootless, or rather uprooted, and 'culturally marginal' as some sociologists describe the condition. At no time did he actually spend his nights in a sleeping-bag on an American equivalent of Hampstead Heath, but if he had it would not have been at all out of character. He was born and brought up in an isolated Norwegian community of small farmers in the Middle West. A very bright boy, hating farm work, he was sent off at the age of seventeen, already a budding agnostic, to a Congregational college. Ten years of study ended with a very creditable Ph.D. at Yale, which in spite of the friendship and support of

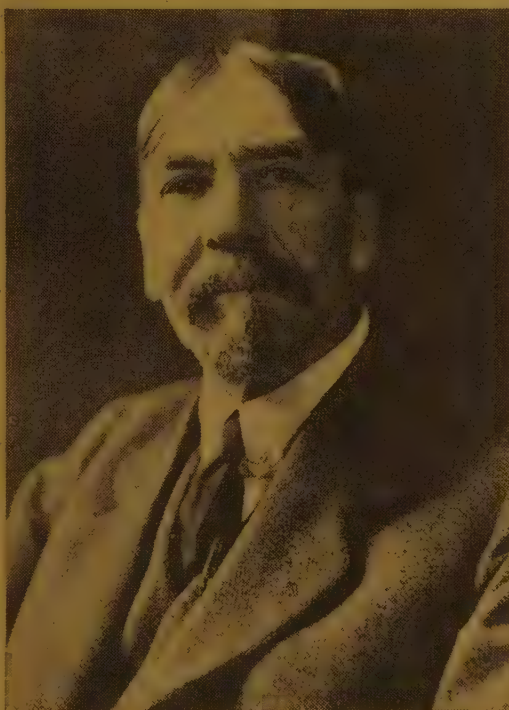
Yale's President did not secure him an academic post. Apparently, Veblen remained too much the uncouth 'Norsky' and was too irreverent for the philosophy departments of American universities, dominated as they then were by theologians. So he went back to the family farm in Minnesota, and spent the next seven years apparently doing nothing in particular to justify his existence, but in fact reading voraciously over the whole range of philosophy, anthropology, history, and economics, as well as the Icelandic sagas. 'He read and loafed, and the next day he loafed and read', as his brother put it.

As well as an immense erudition, Veblen acquired a nucleus of ideas and an intellectual attitude, or vision, which his subsequent career was devoted to working out. John Morley, writing about Edmund Burke, a man of very different repute, noted: 'Few men, if any, have ever acquired a settled mental habit of surveying human affairs broadly, of watching the play of passion, interest, circumstance in all its comprehensiveness, and of applying the instruments of general conceptions and wide principles to its interpretation with respectable constancy, unless they have, at some early period of their manhood, resolved the greater problems of society in independence and isolation'. Whether or not it has wider validity, Morley's generalisation certainly applies, to some extent, in Veblen's case, for Veblen certainly did develop the habit of watching, with a peculiar detached vision all his own, the play of passion, interest, and circumstance in human affairs.

Veblen's interests had turned towards economics, and at last a professor took a chance on him and he got his first academic post at the age of thirty-four. Today, it hardly seems probable that a

Veblen would get those vital seven years of loafing and reading. With the quantity of research posts going today anyone as talented as Veblen would have moved into a niche somewhere, and would probably have been tamed and had his claws clipped in the process, or else have been ejected for good and all. Though now nominally 'inside' the academic profession, Veblen remained the diametric opposite of an 'Organisation Man'—an undomesticated, unassimilated outside critic, ridiculing its ceremonies, its methods of raising money, its academic dress, its government through committees engaged in 'sifting sawdust' as Veblen described them, and its system of grades and marks. He gave all his pupils the same mark, a mediocre C. His later book on *The Higher Learning in America*, recently republished by Stanford University, is one of his best-written and most mordant works.

In his main writings Veblen directed his learned, quizzical, teasing, nihilistic gaze in three main directions: first on his own fellow economists—if an economist or anyone else was ever a 'fellow' of Veblen's—and on the methods and assumptions of the orthodox economic theories of his contemporaries. Secondly, Veblen examined the American economy of his day, and the class of business men who directed it, particularly as they existed at about the turn of the century with the hectic drive to trustification and monopoly, and the periodic cataclysmic fluctuations. Later, after the outbreak of the first world war, he looked out at international politics, and in particular at German and Japanese imperialism. Since he was to a considerable extent



Thorstein Veblen (1857-1929)
National Cyclopaedia of American Biography

an economic determinist, he deployed in his account of the international anarchy many of the concepts and ideas he used in his economic theorising.

The orthodox economic theories of his day, against which Veblen particularly directed his criticism, concentrated on analysing how individual consumers and firms allocate, or ought to allocate, their limited resources: that is, how the individual consumer—a housewife doing the weekly shopping was the stock text-book example—would distribute her spending between different goods, on the assumption that she was out to maximise her household's utility or use her money to the best advantage. Similarly, an analysis was made of how a firm would allocate its outlay on the different factors of production, labour, machinery, land and so on, assuming that it aimed at maximising its profits.

Theory of 'Marginal Productivity'

The resulting formulae were admirably precise in form, but by no means so illuminating in content. Veblen pointed this out in a series of critical essays, arguing that either these theories were rather empty classifications or 'taxonomies', as he called them; or, when they were interpreted as yielding significant conclusions regarding economic processes and policies, this was because highly questionable, even erroneous, assumptions were being woven into the analysis in an insufficiently explicit manner; as when—to take a specially glaring example—the leading American orthodox theorist, J. B. Clark, who was Veblen's first teacher, held that his 'marginal productivity' theory, as it was called, showed the rightness and justice of the distribution of remunerations under competitive conditions. Furthermore, Veblen was critical of the relevance of theories based on the assumption of perfectly competitive conditions, when monopolies and monopolistic practices were becoming more and more pervasive; and he also suggested that orthodox economists were generally assuming too readily that in the 'normal' case, the price mechanism worked in a smoothly and beneficently and self-adjusting manner.

Many economists of today would also sympathise with Veblen's positive views on the main problems of economics, and with his criticism that most of the orthodox theorists of his own day neglected these problems—though he made an exception of Alfred Marshall. Veblen held that 'growth and change are the most obtrusive and most consequential facts observable in economic life', and that they are essentially cumulative and not self-adjusting processes.

Veblen's study of the American economy started out from a rather ponderous apparatus of psychological and anthropological concepts, and in particular from his curious selection of fundamental 'instincts'. Of special importance was the constructive 'instinct of workmanship', which, he held, was being frustrated and thwarted by the contemporary 'business' organisation of American industry on the basis of private profit. Indeed this distinction of Veblen's between 'making goods' and 'making money', or between the immense potentialities of modern technology, and the limitations set on it by the profit-motivated drive to monopoly, and therefore restriction of production or 'capitalistic sabotage' as he called it, became his main tool of analysis which he overworked to an obsessive extent in his later writings.

Similarities to Marx

Veblen's theory here rather resembles that of Marx in its emphasis on the tension between the development of modern technology and the economic order or social framework. Veblen also somewhat anticipated here the German Marxist, Rudolf Hilferding's, analysis of 'finance capitalism', or the process of concentrating control in big monopolistic groups organised by the banks and financial houses.

In his work on the American economy Veblen therefore dwelt on the drive to monopoly and oligopoly, which so impressed Alfred Marshall and Sir William Ashley in this country, and on the cycles of boom and slump, rather than on self-equilibrating competitive conditions. Furthermore, decades before the works of Berle and Means, and James Burnham, Veblen called attention to the divorce of ownership from control or, as he put it, 'absentee ownership'. Again, in emphasising the great

productive potential of the American economy, Veblen was surely subsequently justified by its extraordinary performances in war and peace since 1941 when freed, for almost two decades, from catastrophic slumps.

It is Veblen's study of the motives of consumers' expenditure in *The Theory of the Leisure Class* that remains his most famous achievement. The book was written just in the heyday of the Gilded Age of the crazy millionaires, when the ostentatious display of wealth by the new moneyed aristocracy of America was at its brashest and most grotesque. *The Theory of the Leisure Class* is something of a Puritan tract by an almost nihilistic nineteenth-century rationalist, preaching a bleak functionalist aesthetic, dismissing religion as mostly or entirely a pointless waste, and treating art and sport in much the same way. The book contains many tedious stretches of rather suety and dated psychological and anthropological theorising, but it contains many treasures of witty and acute observation and ingeniously phrased description. Today, partly because of the very effectiveness of Veblen's work, it may be that the counter-snobbery of conspicuous abstention from ostentation is as significant as, or more significant than, the conspicuous consumption on which he concentrated.

But Veblen's general point remains valid: that is, the immense importance of emulation in motivating consumers' spending, as contrasted with the account implied in an over-simplified calculus. This emphasis on the motive of emulation is important both for economic theory, and the long-term objectives of economic policy. His theory supplies a necessary corrective to those simplified abstract analyses of 'economic welfare' and the principles of economic policy, which assume that a person's satisfaction depends simply on the level of his own consumption, without taking any account of the level of his neighbours' consumption. And, of course, the Asian peasant is more and more rapidly becoming a neighbour, in the relevant sense, of the American and British artisan.

Supreme Observer and Satirist

Veblen was not a good writer of books. He was too repetitious, there are too many pages of anthropological speculation written in a special variant of that painful jargon, with its excessive content of abstract nouns, which Lord Keynes called 'Cherokee' English. But he was a supreme observer and satirist, and the detachment which he bought so dearly, though it faltered in his later years, seems to have afforded him an original and striking vision of the American economy and society of his day. Veblen's accounts of the American country town (in his book *Absentee Ownership*), of the introduction of the cap and gown into the colleges of the Middle West, and of the significance of the corset for the status of women in an age of conspicuous consumption (in *The Theory of the Leisure Class*), are examples of Veblen's art at its best, and are marvellous little satirical essays somewhat in the manner of a seventeenth-century French moralist.

From Veblen's detached and original vision seems to have come his unusual powers as a prophet. For example, there is his prophecy, about a decade before 1914, of the role of German Social Democracy in the event of war. There is his long-range forecast of the Berlin-Tokyo axis in his book *The Nature of Peace*. Then there is his perception, in his essay on Marx, that Marxist socialism provides no real solution to the problem of a socialist organisation of agriculture and the peasantry. Fifty years after this essay, and forty years after the Russian revolution, much may depend for the future of Russia, Asia, and the world on whether the Kremlin and Peking can find a workable, long-run answer to the problem which Veblen so unerringly selected and pin-pointed.

It may seem that since Veblen economic and social enquiry has become, and will ever more rapidly and completely continue to become, so much more systematic, so much more precise in form and statistical in content, as to leave little or no place for the idiosyncratic vision and the loaded descriptive phrase-making of Veblen's method. But much may be lost if Veblen's kind of work entirely disappears, as indeed seems all too probable. Anyhow, it may still be worth looking up his writings not only for his critical analysis of the preconceptions and methods of economists, or for his picture of the American economy of his day, but simply for his way of looking at and describing the society and economy round him.—*Third Programme*

Blake and Reynolds

By EDGAR WIND

IT may seem singularly ungracious to use the bicentenary of Blake as the occasion for reflecting on the marginal notes with which he disfigured his copy of Sir Joshua Reynolds' *Discourses*. Blake's copy is in the British Museum, and the notes are easily studied in the Nonesuch edition where they are included among the marginalia. At first glance they seem like childish exclamations of anger: for the margin is filled with such words as Fool, Liar, Hypocrite, Mock, Knave, A Sly Dog, A Polish'd Villain who Robs and Murders, culminating in the plain remark: 'I certainly do thank God that I am not like Reynolds'.

As President of the Royal Academy, Sir Joshua regarded it as his official duty to raise the level of art in England. Hence Blake observes: 'This man was hired to depress art'. And lest the reader should be in doubt whether Blake's animosity was perhaps inspired by a sense of frustration, Blake obligingly assures him that it was. 'Having spent the vigour of my youth and genius under the oppression of Sir Joshua and his gang of cunning hired knaves without employment, and as much as could possibly be without bread, the reader must expect to read in all my remarks on his books nothing but indignation and resentment'. And among the satirical verses he wrote on Reynolds there is a little line saying 'These verses were written by a very envious man'.

Blake's splendid frankness in admitting his envy should warn us, however, against assuming that envy was the sole cause of his outbursts. If the worldly success of Reynolds had been obtained by Romney or Fusely, it is fair to surmise that Blake would not have been quite so furious. What angered and embittered him about Reynolds' career was that it rested on a method directly opposite to his own. And the *Discourses* contained the *rationale* of that method: they recommended a prudence which Blake abhorred, and declined the risks of genius to which Blake was committed.

Reynolds was bent on exposing artistic pretensions of two different kinds. He disdained artists who claimed that they could rely on their inspiration alone, without regular exercise to sustain it; but his scorn was equally directed against those who sought distinction by 'some inferior dexterity, some extraordinary mechanical power'. Blake answers: 'The words, Mechanical Power, should not be thus prostituted'. And where Reynolds warns that 'mere enthusiasm will carry you but a little way', Blake replies: 'Mere Enthusiasm is the All in All!'

On both these points Reynolds tried to disabuse his pupils of an easy and all too prevalent superstition. Reliance on genius as

a mysterious power which comes from heaven like a gift of grace seemed to him as destructive of solid artistic achievement as an undue pride in mechanical facility. The one reduced the artist to a mere artisan, the other allowed his gifts to run wild. Reynolds believed that the imagination should be disciplined; and if he disdained mechanical proficiency because it was unimaginative, he distrusted enthusiasm because it was anarchic.

Blake, on the contrary, believed that 'Mechanical Power' was the 'Chariot of Genius', that disdain of the artisan was destructive of art, and that frenzied visions were not, as Reynolds sup-

posed, a source of vagaries but secured accuracy in craftsmanship. Thus the two heresies against which Reynolds fought—the heresy of pure inspiration on the one extreme, of mechanical dexterity on the other—were joined by Blake in one act of faith: he believed that the minutiae of his craft were dictated and sustained by his supernatural visions.

We are faced here, in Reynolds as well as in Blake, with a conjunction of forces that are commonly thought to be incompatible. If an artist is highly imaginative like Blake, we do not expect him to be a stickler for minutiae; and conversely, if a painter is an academician like Reynolds, who discourses on art from a presidential pulpit, we assume that he must be a pedant. But in the controversy between

Reynolds and Blake, it is the academician, Reynolds, who opposes pedantry, while Blake, who extols the visionary powers of the imagination, is prompted by his very frenzy to be rigid. How is that to be explained?

Let us first look a little closer at Reynolds' fight against mechanical execution on the one hand, and reliance on genius on the other. In the Sixth Discourse, which Blake disliked particularly because it was written in praise of judicious imitation, Reynolds suggested that 'it is by being conversant with the inventions of others that we learn to invent; as by reading the thoughts of others we learn to think'. Thus an artist can raise his natural stature by entering imaginatively into the spirit and style of Michelangelo or Raphael:

Our hearts, frequently warmed in this manner by the contact of those whom we wish to resemble, will undoubtedly catch something of their way of thinking. . . . That disposition, which is so strong in children, still continues with us, of catching involuntarily the general air and manner of those with whom we are most conversant; with this difference only that a young mind is naturally pliable and imitative; but in a more advanced state

Right: detail from 'The Crucifixion of St. Peter', by Michelangelo, in the Cappella Paolina, the Vatican, showing the figure copied by Blake in his engraving (below) of 'Joseph of Arimathea among the Rocks of Albion' (1773)



it grows rigid, and must be warmed and softened before it will receive a deep impression.

Reynolds drew the logical conclusion that a rigid imitation would defeat his purpose. In order to render the imagination of his pupils more supple, and awaken their dormant powers of invention, he produced those fanciful exercises in imitation which are described and recommended in the *Discourses*: compete with the model, follow it partially, parody it, change the function of a figure while retaining the attitude, reverse the meaning of a given gesture. All these precepts have one negative rule in common: literal copying is worthless, or, as Reynolds put it, 'a delusive kind of industry', since 'those powers of invention and composition which ought particularly to be called out and put in action, lie torpid and lose their energy for want of exercise'. Nothing significant, Reynolds repeats, is attained 'by servilely copying the model before you'. But Blake, in his marginal comment, brands this reflection as 'contemptible': 'Servile copying is the great merit of copying'. And again: "'Copy for ever" is my rule'.

Everything Definite and Determinate

The compulsive nature of Blake's visions explains his belief in servile copying; his visions demanded minute execution. 'The man who asserts', says Blake, 'that everything in art is definite and determinate, has not been told this by practice, but by inspiration and vision, because vision is determinate and perfect, and he copies that without fatigue, everything being definite and determinate'. The visions Blake saw in hallucinations, or which he projected on a piece of paper, were of an obsessive nature, elaborate, articulate, precise. Hence Blake resented Reynolds' suggestion that in order to acquire the grand style in painting it is essential to eliminate particularities—that fresco painting, as Reynolds said, 'excludes attention to minute elegancies'. Blake notes in the margin: 'Fresco painting is the most minute. Fresco painting is like miniature painting. A wall is a large ivory'.

Blake's actual fresco painting, as seen in the examples in the Tate Gallery, is indeed close to miniature painting because it is carried out on a small scale. Nevertheless, the convergence of the minute and the monumental in Blake's thought is again symptomatic of his obsessive vision. Unable and unwilling to perform an act of detachment, he denies the distinction made by Reynolds between the heroic and the familiar style, between grandeur and neatness of execution.

Difficult though it may seem, we must accept it as a fact that pedantic insistence on exact copying can be inspired by imaginative frenzy; whereas a liberal admission of artistic licence, which allows the artist the fullest freedom to transform his model according to his fancy, can be sanctioned by academic training. Blake did not find Reynolds too didactic; he found him too soft. The transformation of a mechanical into a liberal art he deplored as deterioration. Thus it is precisely because Blake is a compulsive artist, possessed by his visions and positive about every detail he sees, that he believes in neat execution. While Reynolds relied for the refinement of his art on 'that friendly intercourse which ought to exist among artists . . . receiving from the dead and giving to the living . . .', Blake was far too certain of his personal vision to concede that creative powers may be increased by conversing, by selecting, by a slow process of growth, or by what Reynolds called 'digesting, methodising'. Truth must strike directly, or it is not truth at all. 'He who does not know Truth at sight', says Blake, 'is unworthy of her notice'.

Reynolds' Method of Copying

Nothing indeed is more revealing, after having heard both Blake and Reynolds speak about copying, than to see in what manner they actually do copy. In every instance Reynolds transfers his model to such a new setting that it is either unrecognisable, or is recognised with a shock: a Michelangelo posture in the Duchess of Marlborough; Giulio Romano's 'Psyche' transformed into Dido; Kitty Fisher mimicking Trevisano's 'Cleopatra'; Holbein's 'Henry VIII' enacted by a child; an ancient maenad as a mourning Magdalene. 'Such imitation', to quote Reynolds himself, 'is so far from having anything in it of the servility of plagiarism that it is a perpetual exercise of the mind, a continual invention. Borrowing or stealing with such art and caution will have a right

to the same lenity as was used by the Lacedemonians, who did not punish theft, but the want of artifice to conceal it'.

Blake was naturally revolted by Reynolds' cunning. He himself copied straight, emphatically straight: for in copying he was completely caught up in his subject, absorbed by the details he saw before him. Hence, when he copied Michelangelo (as in the design of 'Joseph of Arimathea among the Rocks of Albion', a figure derived from the frescoes of the Cappella Paolina which Blake knew 'from an old Italian drawing'), he did not change the model in the least; in fact he stressed the borrowing in the inscription. But while 'servilely copying' Michelangelo's figure, he endowed it verbally with 'Gothic' mysticism. The legend that Joseph of Arimathea landed in Albion hovers over the design as a poetic aura, yet the visual scheme to which the aura is attached remains a literal piece of copying. The mechanical performance supplies the core around which the fantasy clusters.

Blake proceeded in the same way with the 'Laocoon'. His copy is a literal copy of the ancient group, so insistent in its literalness that the image acquires a ghostly quality which is increased by the mystical words that surround the group. They suggest that the ancient sculptors merely echoed a lost biblical revelation and, following Virgil, gave secular features to a visionary triad representing Jehovah with his two sons, Satan and Adam. There is no need to discuss here the sources of this apocryphal speculation; but it is important to notice that, like a crystal-gazer, Blake needs a crystal to concentrate his vision. His fantasy is tightly fastened to a design of the utmost accuracy.

There is a curious fascination in observing how often Blake and Reynolds admired the same men. For example, they both admired Plato, and declared themselves to be his followers. But when Reynolds interprets Plato's theory of inspiration he refuses 'to understand literally these metaphors or ideas expressed in poetical language': for if Plato says that inspiration comes from heaven, the student of Plato must beware of thinking that he has a straight access to heaven; his place is on earth, and he must patiently work in order to aspire to that higher region. Blake writes in the margin: 'Plato was in earnest'. Plato, according to Blake, 'believed that God did visit man really and truly and not as Reynolds pretends'.

Blake's Plato

The words 'Plato was in earnest' are likely to startle any reader of Plato today, since we do not find it quite so easy to make out when Plato is in earnest and when not. Perhaps Reynolds was nearer the truth than Blake since he understood Plato's use of irony. Blake's Plato is a zealous prophet.

A similar contrariety occurs in the admiration of both artists for Michelangelo. The very grandeur of Michelangelo made Reynolds feel that he should not copy him exactly. He chose him as a guide and recommended him as a model—which the student might approach but could not hope to reach. Blake tried to take complete possession of Michelangelo's art, by bringing it close to his own and appropriating his figures with all their idiosyncrasies. Historic distance, so congenial to Reynolds' tact, produced in Blake a *soif de l'impossible*.

It is a pity that Stendhal did not know Blake: for his remarks on Reynolds' relation to Michelangelo state the disparity in Reynolds' worship so sharply, and so sarcastically, that one would like to know whether Blake would have fared any better. It seems certain however that Stendhal's conclusion, cast in the form of a reflection on Dante and Virgil, would have offended Blake far more than Reynolds, since it inadvertently argues Reynolds' case. 'No one loved Virgil so much as Dante, and nothing is more unlike the *Aeneid* than the *Inferno*'.—*Third Programme*

To commemorate the bicentenary of the birth of William Blake an exhibition of his illuminated books is on view at the National Book League, 7 Albemarle Street, London, W.1. A facsimile of the 1815 edition of the *Book of Urizen* is to be published by the Trianon Press next year and plates from it form part of this exhibition. One of these plates is reproduced on our cover this week.

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A collection of *Hilaire Belloc's Stories, Essays, and Poems*, edited and introduced by J. B. Morton, has been published by Dent in the Everyman's Library, price 10s. 6d.

The Ladies' Alpine Club

MARJORIE MILSOM on fifty years of climbing

IF you are a gentleman—an elderly gentleman—and if you climbed in the Swiss mountains when you were young, you may remember seeing a strange sight in the early years of this century: a human figure clad in a long tweed skirt down to the snow line, a shirt or tunic with modified mutton-chop sleeves, a large and shady hat, a face completely obscured by a white linen mask with holes for eyes and mouth. It would, in fact, most probably have been one of the founder members of the Ladies' Alpine Club. If you were a conventional young man you would probably have been a little shocked: thoughts of window-breaking suffragettes might have crossed your mind; emancipation, in fact—another aspect of the new feminine attack on masculine sanctuaries.

I joined the Club when it was some twenty-five years old and the chasms of prejudice and ridicule had nearly all been bridged. This year the Club is fifty years old, and the achievements of its members during those years make it difficult for middle-aged people like myself to realise what conditions must have been like in those calm, voluptuous Edwardian days when our first President's great-aunt declared that she had shocked all London, and sent frantic messages to her relatives which said, in short, 'Stop her!'

Our first President was Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond. Besides scandalising her great-aunt, she was also well known as hostess, photographer, and author, and was generally what I suppose in those days would be called 'good at games'. It was she who was chiefly responsible for starting the Club, of attracting to herself those other fine and adventurous spirits who had had the courage and the imagination to discover in mountaineering freedom, peace, inspiration, companionship—those enrichments of living for which there is really no adequate substitute: a woman of creative imagination and with administrative gifts without which all fine ideas for new Clubs are still-born.

The Ladies' Alpine Club began, then, in 1907 as an offshoot of the Lyceum Club. In 1909 it was formed into a regularly constituted club with its own premises at the Great Central Hotel, Marylebone, now, alas, demoted to railway offices. Our rules and qualifications are based on those which govern the Alpine Club.

Our second President was Miss Lucy Walker, the first woman to climb the Matterhorn, Aiguille Verte, Weisshorn, Lyskamm, and many other famous peaks. Membership of the Club had reached fifty-seven, and had already taken on an international character; the most distinguished foreigner was H.M. Queen Margherita of Italy, Honorary President until her death in 1926.

In the winter of 1913 there were no fewer than 175 members and guests at the annual dinner in London, and ten after-dinner toasts and speeches. It must have been an enthusiastic and picturesque scene with the ladies in the elaborate gowns and coiffures, so entirely different from their mountaineering dress; distinguished members of the Alpine Club in white ties and tails, perhaps a little surprised by the company they were keeping and inclined to be avuncular; and there was Lucy Walker herself, by now old and crippled, describing how she made her first climb, the Théodule



Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond, first President of the Ladies' Alpine Club, crossing a glacier by moonlight

Pass, in 1858, in an old white printed dress above the usual Victorian sub-structure. She figures, incidentally, in Edward Whymper's well-known drawing 'The Zermatt Club Room', 1864, which was a singular honour for a female in those days. You can see her, if you have a copy of *Scrambles in the Alps*, crinolined, hatted, hands folded, standing well in the background in the doorway of the Monte Rose Hotel, with twenty more or less famous men in the foreground, thus preserving a balance that was barely questioned for another fifty years.

Another founder member was the American Mrs. Bullock Workman, who accompanied her husband on no fewer than seven exploring expeditions to the then largely unknown Himalaya, and climbed to a height of over 20,000 feet. At the turn of the century this was a truly original achievement, and was duly presented in lecture form at the Royal Geographical Society and elsewhere. Her maps and some of her reports are sketchy, but there is no doubt that she was a pioneer and a courageous one. There is a picture of her dressed in a short, thick skirt, puffed shirt sleeves, puttees, and a topi, in the Karakoram in 1907. She does not look the type either to tolerate or to make use of avuncular attitudes.



Mrs. Bullock Workman, with her guide Zurbriggen, in the Karakoram in 1907

Skirts, by the way, were a considerable problem, and dominate the memories of my older climbing friends. They were often obliged to go to extraordinary lengths in order to climb without them and yet appear decently clad upon re-entering civilisation. Usually they left the village wearing a skirt over knickerbockers. When out of sight of the last chalet, the skirt was removed and carried in the guide's or porter's rucksack. Mrs. Le Blond relates that she once had to send her guide on ahead to fetch a skirt from her hotel bedroom in

Zermatt; the one she had had with her had been carried away by an avalanche. The guide returned, his arm draped with her best evening gown.

But etiquette changes almost as fast as fashion. I like to think that these Edwardian ladies would have regarded the universal trousers of today with sympathy, perhaps even with envy.

Their record of achievement, frustrated as they were by prejudice and lack of modern aids and techniques and by small, inadequate huts, is an impressive one. Before the first world war extinguished all such pleasures, women had already climbed many of the classical Alpine routes, including those in the Dolomites and Engelhörner, and had gone far afield not only to the Himalaya, but to New Zealand and the Japanese Alps, Norway, and the Canadian Rockies.

A Golden Age

The years between the two wars saw a large increase in the membership of the Ladies' Alpine Club. To me it seems a golden age. We were not troubled by emancipation: we had it. We took cheap overnight trains for long weekends in Scotland, the Lake District, North Wales. We climbed happily all over those glorious, sound rocks, preparing ourselves for longer holidays in the Alps with guides. We no longer blushed for our trousers, or for our presence in the dormitories of climbing huts; and we found the collective wisdom and the social occasions of our Club more and more satisfactory.

With these opportunities and growing experience, many of our members followed the trend towards guideless climbing. This is, of course, the highest form of the art of mountaineering. There is more virtue in finding your own way up a comparatively easy mountain than in being led up a difficult one by a professional expert. Knowledge and skill are essential. Rewards have to be earned. And for women there is a piquant variation; one can climb not only guideless but manless. By the mid nineteen-twenties even the Matterhorn and the Grépon had been climbed by *cordées féminines*. But it is not often done: no doubt because—although the point was worth making—there is not much fun in pursuing it.

I will not go into the ethics of segregation, but although women would undoubtedly be a nuisance on mountains as tough as Everest and Kanchenjunga, fortunately for us ordinary mountaineering does not require any great physical strength but only a resilient wiriness and a good sense of balance, physical and mental. Elegance helps, too, and it is a curious fact that a number of our best climbers are small. One, who was still climbing in her late sixties, is under five feet high. Another, who is also barely five feet, did the great Peuteret and Bionassay ridges of Mont Blanc in thirty-four hours of continuous climbing. One of our French members, who has made first ascents both in the Himalaya and the Andes, is also very short and weighs less than eight stone.

Developments in the technique and, as it were, social manners of climbing, have been comparatively rapid, especially since the last war, but I can remember how, in my youth, we still had to step cannily round the conventional and the prejudiced. One of our really brilliant climbers told me she was taken aside by an elderly member in the late nineteen-twenties and gently told that manless climbing was not ladylike. That word, so potent in my early youth, always used to annoy me. But I suppose nowadays most ladies have become women.

Guideless climbing, with its additional element of risk, was also censured, though for different reasons; the use of pitons was a form of cheating, north-face climbs were unjustifiable, and so forth. I still think there is some truth in this. One remembers the horrors of the corpse-strewn north wall of the Eiger in the late 'thirties, due partly to the nationalistic ambitions of Hitler's young men. Many of you will remember a similar tragedy on the same mountain only this last summer. But technical development has changed the general attitude towards what is justifiable and what is not. To have climbed the north wall of the Eiger, or some equivalent, is now almost a prerequisite for the fiercer Himalayan and Andean peaks. It is no good becoming conventional and prejudiced oneself, or saying smugly that this type of climbing does not appeal to women. The new generation begins where the middle-aged leave off. It is inevitable.

Many of us, nevertheless, remember with affection the old

pattern, which still has its honourable place, of the happy relationship between client and guide who, summer after summer, renewed a companionship that is unique in sport.

But a good guide is a luxury, and economic pressure no doubt helped to boost guideless climbing, even before the war. It certainly did for me. One good effect has been that more women have had to learn to become self-reliant in the mountains, or at least not to be mere passengers, and although perhaps fewer Ladies' Alpine Club members now do big Alpine ascents regularly with guides, many more do minor expeditions, and some, thanks to the greater experience thus acquired, now take part in the really big adventures. During the past three years there have been two successful all-women's expeditions to the Himalaya, a French member not only climbed but actually led the ascent of the 23,000-foot Nun Kun. Another member, aged fifty-three, has just climbed Elbruz in the Caucasus, probably the first ascent of this 18,000-foot peak by a woman. One of our members has recently climbed the finest of the classic Chamonix routes—the Mer de Glace face of the Grépon, and some of the best of the Dolomites climbs, *cordée féminine*, with her daughter. She has also instructed the British Army in rock climbing—and this is something that certainly could not have happened fifty years ago.

Of course women climbers, like women artists, have an unfair handicap which is insurmountable. Those who marry mountaineers are, in this respect, better off than those who marry commoners, for most of human kind is liable to vertigo, and it is obviously better not to subject one's husband to unenjoyed dangers. But an increasing number of the modern young are now being introduced to the hills in family parties, and this is, undoubtedly, one of the happiest developments of recent years.

For the over-fifties, attainable height grows less with age, though age itself need not be an intolerable handicap to the healthy. There are still the smaller mountains, the foothills, the valleys one tended to ignore in youth; each has its own peculiar charm, and there is no longer the same need for speed. Just before the war two of our members—the ex-principal of Holloway College and its ex-treasurer—then in their seventies and sixties respectively, and each weighing considerably more than eight stone apiece, walked the Larig Ghru pass in the Cairngorms from Derry Lodge to Aviemore—more than twenty uninhabited miles of very rough going.

Flocking to Solitude

Mountaineering, especially among women, is still an esoteric sport. It is part of its essential flavour. But it is becoming increasingly difficult to pursue as such. A certain hotel proprietor sent a circular to his clients containing the following information: 'This place is known as the preferred resort of those wanting solitude. People searching for solitude are, in fact, flocking here from all corners of the Globe'. It is only too true. Those of us who remember peace, and who deplore the spiders' webs of chair lifts and new roads that have now scribbled over so many of our favourite views, who have tried to climb the Swiss arete of the Matterhorn on a fine day, or have had to queue up on the Lakeland Napes on an Easter Monday, know the desire for secluded valleys and remoter mountains. There are still plenty of them for those with time and money. The less fortunate majority of us have to use imagination and initiative, or join the modern school of artificial rock climbers for whom, with their pitons, snap rings, miniature ladders, hammers, and hundreds of yards of nylon rope, anything goes, even north walls several thousand feet high, even the spending of two or three nights hanging, like a battered picture from a nail in a wall over 3,000 feet of space.

This last development, which does require great physical strength and endurance, would seem to offer less promising prospects to women climbers, though their achievements during the past fifty years make prophecy dangerous.

I daresay the elderly mountaineers who were shocked fifty years ago by the sight of the women pioneers are by now reconciled to the inevitable. Indeed, many of them have been our friends and helpers in the hills. It is now no longer a question of rivalry but of companionship. And that seems to me an excellent note on which the Ladies' Alpine Club may start on the climb to its own centenary.—Home Service

The Haunted Universe

The second of two talks by J. W. N. WATKINS

DAVID HUME concluded his *Enquiry Concerning Human Understanding* with this famous passage:

When we run over libraries, persuaded of these principles, what havoc must we make? If we take in our hand any volume; of divinity or school metaphysics for instance; let us ask, *Does it contain any abstract reasoning concerning quantity or number?* No. *Does it contain any experimental reasoning concerning matter of fact and existence?* No. Commit it then to the flames: for it can contain nothing but sophistry and illusion.

Logical Empiricism

That is a picturesque statement of a view which came to be called logical empiricism. According to logical empiricism, there are only two kinds of truths: logical truths and empirical truths. This view inspires a peculiarly metaphysical attitude towards metaphysical utterances. Metaphysical utterances are neither logically true nor empirically testable, yet they appear to be meaningful, factual, true-or-false assertions. The logical empiricist says that this appearance is deceptive. The reality is different. Metaphysics is bogus. Here, the logical empiricist brushes appearances aside and claims to have grasped the underlying reality. This is a metaphysical approach. I shall adopt a more empirical approach to metaphysical theories. In my previous talk* I indicated some of their peculiar features. Here I shall advance a hypothesis to account for those features. Alas, a hypothesis about metaphysics is far less exciting than a metaphysical hypothesis. But some people enjoy dry sherry. Perhaps you will derive a thin satisfaction from watching my pieces drop into place. Besides accounting for the outstanding features of metaphysics I hope that my hypothesis will show why the logical empiricist is wrong about metaphysics and also how natural it was for him to make the mistake he did.

Metaphysics is contrasted with science. So I will begin by looking at a scientific theory. Take the theory that all metals expand on being heated. Notice that this theory does not say that anything actually occurs or exists in the world. It does not say that anything is heated or that any metal does exist—only that if a metal exists and if it is heated, then it will expand. In 1934 Professor Popper pointed out that scientific theories say that certain things do *not* exist: natural laws can be regarded as Nature's prohibitions. Our theory tells us that there does not exist a metal which fails to expand on being heated. Popper also pointed out that the bare denial of a scientific theory is not itself a testable scientific assertion. The bare denial of our theory is simply, 'There does exist a metal which fails to expand on being heated'.

Existential Assertions

The universe is a big place. It stretches away indefinitely in four dimensions. You cannot explore it all. Therefore you cannot test the bare assertion that there is a peculiar kind of metal lying around somewhere in the universe. This purely existential assertion is very different from the assertion that there is in the National Physical Laboratory a metal which does not expand on being heated. This tells us where the peculiar metal is located. We could go there and test this assertion.

Most existential statements made by experimental scientists and by historians and in everyday life do locate their subject. It is rare for anyone to make a purely existential statement. When Leverrier announced the existence of a new planet he did not wave vaguely at the heavens. He told astronomers where to train their telescopes. Historians do not merely declare that empires and wars and revolutions exist. They tell us where and when. You would not buy shares in a mining company formed to exploit vast rich mineral deposits which, the directors declare, exist

somewhere though they do not know where. Farmers put notices saying 'Bull' outside fields with bulls in them. They do not put notices up in London saying 'Bulls exist'.

But people do occasionally make purely existential statements. They occasionally allege the existence of something without knowing in the least how to find it. A medical scientist who for years has been seeking a cure for some disease might doggedly reiterate to himself, 'I'm sure a cure exists'. An exasperated mathematician wrestling with a recalcitrant problem might exclaim, 'There must be a solution'. A love-hungry bachelor might mutter, 'If only *she* would come'—he does not know who 'she' is but he is sure she exists.

These are expressions of faith. Like expressions of religious faith, they postulate the existence of something elusive. I said in my first talk that metaphysical theories allege the existence of an elusive something in the universe, declare the universe to be haunted by a largely hidden uniformity. Can we simply conclude that whereas scientific theories are negative existential statements, metaphysical theories are positive existential statements?

No. This would not account for the fact that metaphysical theories are unverifiable. An untestable, purely existential statement may happen to get verified. Our bachelor may fall and stay in love, thereby proving that 'she' does indeed exist. Moreover, metaphysical theories are unverifiable because they have a universal character that singular existential statements do not have. Determinism says that *every* event has a cause.

'All-and-some' Statements

So let us look at statements containing a universal as well as a purely existential component, statements of the form 'For all smoke there exists some fire'. Call these 'all-and-some' statements. Some metaphysical doctrines obviously have this form. 'Every event has a cause' is an example. Another is epiphenomenalism, which asserts (falsely, as I believe) that every mental event has a physical determinant.

I will now show that the hypothesis that metaphysical theories have this form successfully accounts for the five main features of metaphysical theories which I indicated in my previous talk. The first of these was their factual character. An 'all-and-some' statement which alleges that, for any instance of one kind of thing, there exists a corresponding instance of another kind of thing, obviously is factual.

The second characteristic was the tendency of metaphysical theories to unify heterogeneous areas of existence. I gave as one example Freud's conviction that slips, dreams, primitive rituals, and so on are also a kind of purposeful activity. Pre-Freudian psychologists supposed that only *some* behaviour has some purposive explanation. The metaphysician universalises the modest common-sense 'some' into the audacious metaphysical 'all'. *All* behaviour, Freud said, has some purposive explanation. A metaphysical 'all-and-some' statement postulates an underlying homogeneity behind contrasting appearances.

The third characteristic of metaphysical theories was their tendency to open up a new programme for empirical science and to regulate scientific theory-construction. An 'all-and-some' statement promises that there is something there waiting to be discovered and defined by the empirical investigator. Take the idea that behind all terrestrial and celestial physical movements there is some uniform system of mechanical laws. This suggests a programme for science—to find out what those laws are. Or take the old metaphysical theory of atomism, the theory that to every observable physical change there corresponds a changed arrangement of invisible atoms. Among other things this suggests the need for a corpuscular theory of light.

An 'all-and-some' interpretation of metaphysical theories

(continued on page 886)

NEWS DIARY

November 20-26

Wednesday, November 20

The Minister of Health states that the Health Service pay dispute cannot be referred back to the Whitley Council

Britain and the United States offer funds to help pay for the United Nations Emergency Force until the end of the year

The Local Government Bill which provides among other things for block grants for education is published

Thursday, November 21

Employers in the engineering industry reject claim by unions for a forty-hour week without loss of pay

A clash takes place between terrorists and security forces in Cyprus. A British cargo ship is damaged by an explosion off the coast of the island

Friday, November 22

It is announced that H.M. the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will pay a State visit to the Netherlands next March

Leaders of the Canadian Trade Mission to London visit the Prime Minister

Mr. Bevan, Mr. Crossman, and Mr. Morgan Phillips are each awarded £2,500 damages in a libel action against *The Spectator*

Saturday, November 23

British and American experts discuss in Washington methods of improving co-operation in defence and scientific matters

A resolution criticising the Government's Algerian policy is carried at the Congress of the French Radical Party in spite of a speech defending it by M. Gaillard, the French Prime Minister

Dr. Fuchs, leader of the Commonwealth Transantarctic Expedition, reports that it is ready to start on its 2,000-mile trek across the Antarctic

Sunday, November 24

King of Morocco leaves for discussions with the U.S. Government in Washington. Moroccan nationalist forces are reported to have invaded the Spanish enclave of Ifni

The Jordan Government asks Secretary-General of the United Nations to replace the acting head of the Palestine truce organisation

Mr. Kishi, the Japanese Prime Minister, visits Malaya

Monday, November 25

Prime Minister flies to Paris to discuss North African questions with French Prime Minister

London Transport executive rejects wage claim by bus workers

U.N. Secretary-General to visit Middle East
President Eisenhower is taken ill

Tuesday, November 26

A *communiqué* is published in Paris about the conversations between the British and French Prime Ministers

The Staff side of the Whitley Council is to see Minister of Health about pay dispute

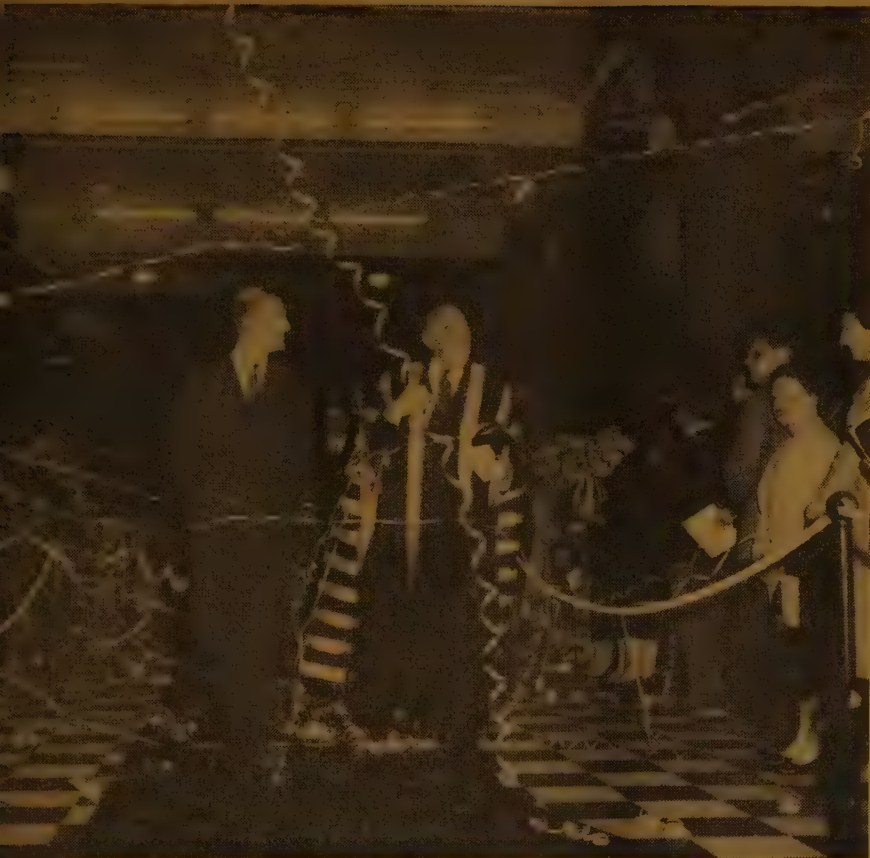


President Bourguiba of Tunisia (left) and King Mohammed of Morocco meeting in Rabat last week. In a *communiqué* issued on November 22 they offered to mediate between France and the Algerian Nationalists



Five rockets being fired simultaneously from the new B.B.C. television mast at Crystal Palace to test the mast's stability last week. The rockets gave a thrust of two-and-a-half tons

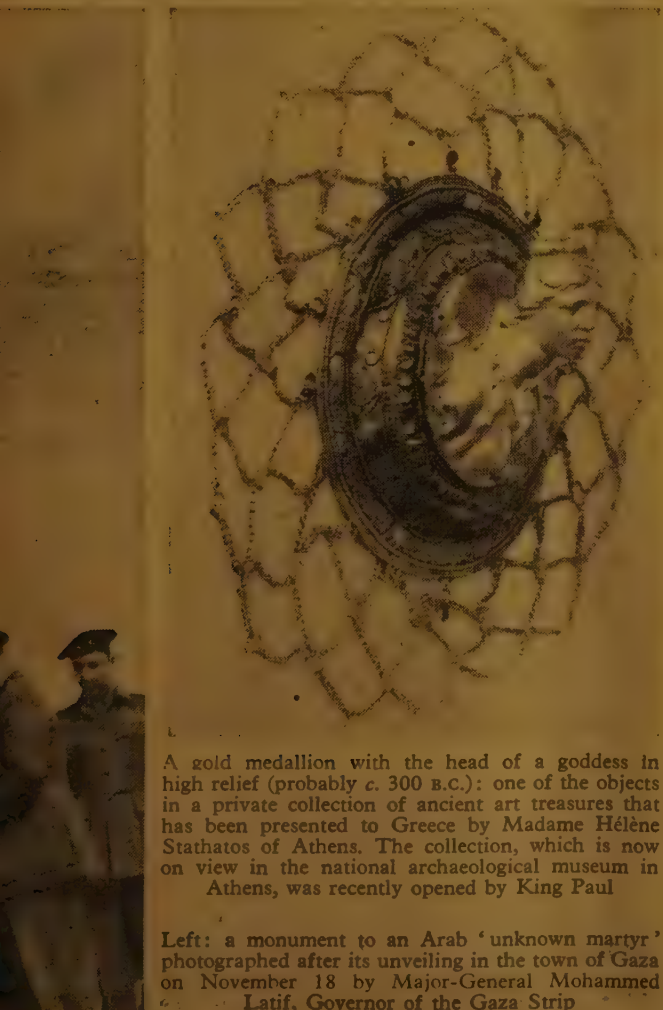




...being showered with streamers by students of the Manchester College of Science and Technology where on November 22 he opened a new extension



Sir Jacob Epstein with his bust of William Blake after its unveiling in Westminster Abbey last Sunday. Today is the 200th anniversary of the poet's birth



A gold medallion with the head of a goddess in high relief (probably c. 300 B.C.): one of the objects in a private collection of ancient art treasures that has been presented to Greece by Madame Hélène Stathatos of Athens. The collection, which is now on view in the national archaeological museum in Athens, was recently opened by King Paul

Left: a monument to an Arab 'unknown martyr' photographed after its unveiling in the town of Gaza on November 18 by Major-General Mohammed Latif, Governor of the Gaza Strip



London prepares its Christmas decorations: giant balloons being erected in Regent Street last weekend

(continued from page 883)

also shows that they may have a negative influence on empirical theory-construction. There will be certain empirical hypotheses with which an unempirical 'all-and-some' statement is incompatible. Atoms cannot travel at an infinite speed. So the metaphysical theory of atomism forbids us to indulge the falsifiable hypothesis that light is transmitted instantaneously.

The fourth characteristic requiring explanation is that some metaphysical speculations have been developed into testable scientific theories. Consider the old and persistent idea that the universe contains some substance which can be neither created nor destroyed. Matter was originally regarded as immortal in this sense. What is forever conserved was later declared to be the total amount of momentum, and subsequently of energy, in the universe. Such theories can be given an 'all-and-some' form, namely: any apparent loss of matter (or momentum or energy) is always compensated by an equal increase elsewhere. This only says that compensating changes occur somewhere. But it might be—indeed, has been—tightened up into a testable scientific theory which tells us how to find the compensating changes. Metaphysical theories of the form 'Every so-and-so has a such-and-such' can normally be rendered empirical by adding a clause which tells us how to find instances of the such-and-such. There is an untestable myth that a murderer always leaves some sign of his identity (though the police may not detect it). If we add that what he leaves is a finger-print within ten feet of his victim, we have a falsifiable hypothesis.

Every Event Has a Cause

The fifth point of my previous talk was that while metaphysical theories are neither falsifiable nor verifiable, they are inconclusively confirmable by experience. This too is readily explained by an 'all-and-some' interpretation. An 'all-and-some' theory gives rise to only purely existential statements. The theory that every event has a cause tells us that this particular event has a cause, but it does not tell us where or what this cause is, or how to find it. Failure to discover the cause of this event would not falsify the assertion that it has a cause. Nor, consequently, would it falsify the assertion that every event has a cause. Discovery of this event's cause would verify the assertion that it has a cause. But, of course, it would not verify the assertion that every event has a cause. This is a universal theory, and the verification of any number of its purely existential consequences can only confirm it inconclusively. Thus my hypothesis explains why we may get dramatic confirming glimpses of what the metaphysical theory postulates—dramatic glimpses, for instance, of the omnipresent system of physical law which, the determinist says, pervades the universe—without ever being able to falsify or verify the theory.

I now assume that my hypothesis has proved its explanatory power and go on to consider an implication of it. This implication is that the logical empiricist is attempting the logically impossible when he tries to erect a *cordon sanitaire* between science and metaphysics. If my view of metaphysics is right, scientific statements and metaphysical statements are logically related to each other.

First, a metaphysical theory may be entailed

by an empirical hypothesis. A proposition is a weak entailment of a second proposition if it asserts only a part of what the second proposition asserts. 'Plato is unmarried' is a weak entailment of 'Plato is an unmarried pupil of Socrates'. As I mentioned earlier, the unempirical 'Every so-and-so has a such-and-such' can be expanded into an empirical hypothesis by the addition of a clause telling us how to find each such-and-such. This means that some empirical statement can be constructed of which the metaphysical statement is a weak entailment. 'Every mental event has a physical determinant' is a weak entailment of the false empirical assertion, 'Every mental event is determined by what the person ate for breakfast'.

Secondly, besides being entailed by certain related empirical statements, a metaphysical theory will be *inconsistent* with certain other empirical statements. 'Every mental event has a physical determinant' is inconsistent with 'No mental event has a physical determinant'. But this latter assertion is empirically falsifiable. Indeed it is actually falsified by the fact that burns cause pain. I touched on this fact that metaphysical theories rule out certain empirical hypotheses when I was accounting for the regulative role of metaphysical theories. The fact that a metaphysical theory can collide with an empirical hypothesis also reinforces my first point, which was that metaphysical theories are factual.

You might suppose that if metaphysical theories are sometimes entailed by and sometimes inconsistent with hypotheses which are controlled by experience, then these so-called 'metaphysical' theories are themselves indirectly controlled by experience and are therefore empirical.

In fact, this is not so. Metaphysical theories enjoy a charmed life. Experience never frowns on them. Scientific theories may—often do—get falsified by experience. But being universal they never get verified. Since experience cannot verify a scientific hypothesis it cannot falsify a metaphysical theory which is inconsistent with a scientific hypothesis. On the other hand, when experience falsifies a scientific hypothesis it does not falsify the weak metaphysical entailment of that hypothesis. If experience falsifies the hypothesis that a murderer always leaves a finger-print within ten feet of his victim, it does not falsify the myth that a murderer always leaves *some* indication, however difficult to detect, of his identity.

An experiment which confirms a scientific hypothesis usually confirms a metaphysical theory entailed by that hypothesis. And an experiment which falsifies a scientific hypothesis usually confirms a metaphysical theory which is inconsistent with that hypothesis. But such confirmation is bound to be inconclusive.

Science and Metaphysics

Thus scientific theories have logical relations which ramify out into the realm of metaphysics. Science involves metaphysics. The two are logically connected. It is illogical to regard science as authentic and metaphysics as bogus, as Hume and most of his empiricist successors did. They were acute logicians; What was their mistake? I think they simply overlooked the peculiar, untestable character of purely existential statements. It is easy to do so. A purely existential statement is usually the negation of a testable universal hypothesis and one hardly expects a

testable hypothesis to become untestable when the word 'not' is put in front of it. Yet it is so. Even logical truths may be stranger than fiction.

Anti-metaphysicians admit that science had a youthful liaison with metaphysics. But they insist that the divorce is now absolute. I regard the relation between science and metaphysics as that between a prospering nephew and a raffish uncle. The nephew frowns on his uncle's indiscretions. But the old boy used to slip him an occasional fiver and still gives him good racing tips. And in any case, you cannot divorce your uncle.—*Third Programme*

The Sterling Area

(continued from page 876)

working balances, and currency backing, and it is not certain that many countries will wish to follow India's example and spend the sterling backing to their currency. If only £1,000,000,000 were really subject to rapid withdrawal and if total reserves, as I have just outlined them, are really about £1,500,000,000, then the liquidity ratio looks entirely different: not 25 per cent, but 150 per cent.—much more reassuring! These figures are certainly inaccurate—only the authorities know exactly what the real position is—but there seems little to be gained from what is really window-dressing in reverse.

On the side of policy, I think we should broadly carry on as we are doing, guided by the principle of making the sterling area as attractive as possible to members. With better management and better co-ordination between member countries in economic policies much could be done. In this country we must achieve a higher level of domestic saving and a larger balance of payments surplus. In this way we can underpin the workings of the whole system. This seems to me to be the right approach, though it is different from that suggested by Mr. Day. He seemed to be thinking in terms of what 'enforceable sanctions' Britain has against sterling countries. The answer, of course, is none. But no one ever ran a bank with sanctions against depositors. If the bank is worth belonging to the customers will stick to it. If Britain were to abolish the transferable account facilities and also introduce exchange control to limit investment in the sterling area, there would be little advantage in belonging to the sterling club and it probably would break up. The crisis would be a painful one, and one which would in no way be forestalled by adopting Mr. Day's proposal to requisition the dollar securities now held by private individuals.

For me, then, 'What price the sterling area?' is the wrong question. It should be 'What is the cost of doing without the sterling area?' The answer is that all sterling countries would have to forgo a system which keeps clear the channels of trade between them and which generates considerable amounts of capital for investment. Britain would find it more difficult to export and her most important single source of invisible earnings would be threatened. The world would lose an international currency clearing mechanism for which no alternative exists, and the level of world trade would suffer. In a word, the obvious result of trying to break up the sterling area would be that we should all be worse off.—*Third Programme*

The Blind Organist

By LEONARD CLARK

EVERYBODY called him Charles, or, if they gave him his surname, Charlie Walding. Everybody in our little town knew him, and though he was stone blind, he knew them, first by touch and then by name. When we were boys in our little Gloucestershire town, we used to try to catch him out. One boy would put his hand in Charlie's hand and say nothing; another boy, nearby, would say 'Hello, Mr. Walding' (we never presumed to call him anything else but Mister). He would wait, sometimes putting his hand on a small shoulder, and then, quietly and accurately, say: 'It's Bob, isn't it?', or it might be Stanley or Harry. We thought it was a miracle.

Father Obadiah

Charles was our church organist; his father, Obadiah, was the choirmaster, that is until the choir began to wear surplices and the women were banished. Obadiah, with snowy white beard, looked like a prophet in a frock coat. He had an alto voice of unbelievable purity and could have earned a certain, if slender, living, as a lay clerk in any cathedral choir. He had worked in the mines all his life, music was his passion, as Heaven was certainly his destination. What cruel fate had ordered that his only son should be born blind on a winter night when the moon was at the full? Obadiah and his wife were heartbroken. The doctors could do nothing to restore that which had never been bestowed. But from an early age Charles showed the same passion for music as his father. He could play anything by ear and his harmonies were perfect. So, in his teens, they sent him off to Birmingham, to the blind school there, to be trained as a musician. They taught him how to tune pianos and harmoniums as well and, on returning to the Forest of Dean, he set himself up as the town's official tuner. And when the church installed a fine new pipe organ, Charles was appointed its first master. 'He's a wonder', everybody said. 'He can play with his feet. And no music, neither. Learns it all off by heart from them dots'.

Charles was organist for nearly forty years, rarely missing the Sunday services, or the mid-week practices. Until his parents died, one or other of them used to bring him up to church from their little cottage in the valley two miles away; two miles there and two miles back, twice a Sunday for every Sunday of the year; sometimes there were three services. It was a cheering and moving sight to come across Obadiah and Charles on their way from, and to, their home. Arm in arm, faces all smiles, chatting like excited birds to each other, both frock-coated, the sightless eyes and the white beard would be deep in their world of music. Then Obadiah died, and Charles was bereft. He had never had his own eyes and now he had lost Obadiah's. Then his mother died, and Charles was looked after by an old housekeeper, a devoted soul who cared for him like a child. Whatever the weather, day or night, Charles was never late for a service, either.

I can see him now as he feels his way from the

vestry to the organ, round by the choir stalls, down the steps of the chancel, past the short pews where his parents used to sit, and then, after giving a welcoming nod to the waiting blower round the back, clambering up into his seat. It was rather terrifying to watch him making this solitary walk. We all thought he might fall, but he never did, though in later years he would courteously ask if the newest choirboy could accompany him and help him to negotiate the steps.

'Let Everything that Hath Breath . . .'

Then the voluntary, would begin, a piece by Mendelssohn or Spohr, with delicate and perfect fingering, tender rise and fall, and all this from an instrument with only a dozen stops or so. The choir would stream in, a curious mixture of all shapes, sizes, and ages, and then the service would begin. Charles was all imagination when it came to accompanying the psalms. He lifted up our eyes unto the hills and then sent us crashing full organ, into the great waters. He led us comfortably through the valleys of peace, made us see the hill of Zion as a fair place, made murder of Og and Bashan, and brought us safely out of Egypt. And when it came to the 150th psalm, he had the firmament at his mercy, he gave us trumpet, lute, harp, cymbals, strings and pipe, and made certain that everything which had breath, including the small, red-faced choirboys, praised the Lord. Charles never made a mistake, never forgot a verse or change of chant. He was quick, too, to help tenors and basses when they were in grievous and constant trouble with their parts. Of one of the older choirmen he once said: 'I kept on playing F natural for him, but he would stick solidly to F sharp for four verses. Then I tried it the other way round as there was only one more verse. So did he'.

Harvests, Christmases, and Easters were Charles' glory days. He made us all feel happy at these festivals, that the Babe was born, that Christ had risen, that the corn was safely bagged and stored away in barns. We had great, fat, rich, rolling, Handelian chords at harvest time with the perspiring blower hanging on like grim death when the Hallelujah Chorus sent us all home contented at the end of the service. 'I nearly let her out, Mister', said one blower, 'but I knew you was giving them your Hallelujahs'. And at Easter the mellow notes rose like spring larks, and at Christmas Charles introduced bells into the carols and hymns at the slightest excuse. It was all so simple and so innocent, and we should have been so disappointed if he had done otherwise.

Pied Piper

Perhaps it was the children's Sunday afternoon services, which took place once a month, that Charles enjoyed most of all. In spite of his bald, egg-shaped head, he looked something of a child himself, up there on his organ seat. He would play the old familiar hymns of childhood,

and the children would, like a mighty wind, raise to Heaven the voice of song, as Blake had it, their fresh, unequal voices filling the whole church with a radiance all its own. When the service was over the children would crowd round Charles, and a dozen or more would volunteer to take him home. He would speak to each one, and then would disappear down the road, clutching his straw hat to his head, little bow tie wagging, a blind Pied Piper.

Charles had a most astonishing memory. He remembered the names of the living and of the dead, and in what churchyard the dead lay buried. He remembered the texts of all the sermons preached by all the bishops who had ever driven out in their grand carriages from Gloucester for Confirmations. He remembered birthdays and was the authority on local happenings. 'Now let me see', he would say, 'that would be in the year the old pit was flooded', or again: 'Yes, that was the day after they built the new bank in the High Street'. He remembered his music by having it played over to him, first by Obadiah, and then, when Obadiah was dead, by willing friends. Charles had an amazing repertoire of voluntaries, and even in his later years was always game to learn something new. But Handel was his king. He could play the whole of 'Messiah' and great chunks of 'Israel in Egypt'. I feel certain that the blind Handel and the blind Charles would have been firm friends.

How to End a Sermon

When he had been organist for twenty-five years, the parish presented him with a striking watch. Charles was enthralled with it. He had never had a better toy. He would lay it to his ear and set its little chime ringing, just for the pleasure of knowing that he, Charles Walding, now ruled it over Time. On how many occasions did he end the evening sermon of some long-winded parson promptly at 8 p.m. The congregation would be listening, or dozing, and then there would suddenly come from the corner where Charles sat during the sermon the familiar whirr of his new watch and then the eight quick warning strokes. Caught sometimes in the middle of a sentence the preacher would start, come to himself, bring his words to a close and scuttle down the pulpit steps like a frightened rabbit, and back to his stall. This way of ending a sermon was a constant source of delight to all of us. I often wonder where that watch is now, and if its chimes are charming another ear.

Charles was a gentle creature, the whole five foot five of him. His lack of sight was most wonderfully compensated for and in so many ways. He managed his life so well. We sometimes doubted if he would have coped any better if he had had seeing eyes. Life which had cheated him of colour blessed him with sound. It tempered his character, too, so that the marks of a great peace were on his calm, olive face. He had such a love for all the things he could not see. He could imitate the songs of the birds which sang

to him in his cottage garden, and if a thrush struck up when he was at the organ he would answer him back on the flute or the oboe, whatever part of the service we were then at. He knew all the flowers by their scent and could pick them out, one by one, from a nosegay. And, best of all, he loved people, and especially if they had anything wrong with them. I met him once, tapping his way along with his white stick in the centre of the town. 'Good morning, Charles', I said (for I was grown up by then). 'Where are you going this time of the morning?' And he: 'I thought I would go and see an old blind woman who doesn't get many visitors'. Then, with a chuckle, 'Mind you, she isn't my sweetheart'.

He used to come with us on every choir outing and saw to it that he was never left out of anything. He demanded to be taken to see the sea, as he put it, and to be given a ride on the roundabouts. Strangest of all, he adored fireworks, and would stay until the summer sun had set on each annual Sunday School treat so that he could enjoy the Catherine wheels and hear the rockets whine into the starry sky.

I find it hard to realise that Charles is dead and no longer sitting at the two-manual organ flooding the church with his music. I still think of him as the straw-hatted blind man, so old-fashioned in his ways, bouncing up the hill to church. I do not forget, either, the warm hands

of recognition, the closed eyelids and the peaceful, happy smile. But what I remember best of all is an occasion when Charles, aloft on his perch, began to play the retiring voluntary after a particularly agonising and lengthy sermon by a pompous visitor. Every choirboy tittered and even the vicar found it convenient to cough into his handkerchief when we filed out to the tune of 'Tell me the old, old story'.

Charles gave to me the music of my childhood, and the love of Handel's in particular, which has never left me. He was a country character of wonderful sweetness and charm, a Victorian who had strayed into the twentieth century, and found it all rather exciting.

—Home Service

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Russia, the Atom, and the West

Sir,—Mr. George Kennan said in his first Reith Lecture that the rate of increase in Soviet industrial output is likely to slow down. It is interesting to note that the Soviet plan for 1960 calls for a big increase in the rate of development for basic industries as compared with the average trend for 1951-6. I am not clear when Mr. Kennan expects his trend to be visible; but the Soviet plan will have to fail woefully if the rate of increase is to decline soon.

It is useful to compare achievement and expectation, in the table below:

	1956 OUTPUT	1960 (SOVIET PLAN)	1960 (HYPO- TETICAL FIG. BASED ON 1951-6 AVERAGE TREND)
Coal: millions of tons	429	593	527
Steel: millions of tons	48.6	68.3	61
Oil: millions of tons	83.8	135.0	119
Electricity: thousands of millions of K.W.H.	192	320	266

* Figures of production from *Britannia Year Book*, and *Keesings Contemporary Archives*.

The difference between columns two and three is very considerable, but it is presumably not impossible for the increase envisaged by the plan to be achieved. To date, and providing, of course, that Soviet statistics are accepted, it appears that Soviet industrial targets have normally been attained, and often exceeded. What, I wonder, is the economic basis for Mr. Kennan's prediction, in a context where one sees an increasing population, whose demand must be virtually unlimited?—Yours, etc.,

Folkestone

OSWALD HULL

The Reasoning of Europeans

Sir,—Bertrand Russell in his talk (THE LISTENER, November 21) says that if Shakespeare, Beethoven, and others had not existed the daily life of most people in the present day would have been much what it is whereas this is not true of Pythagoras, Galileo, and others.

It is most unlikely that if Beethoven had not existed anyone else would have written his music whereas there is little doubt that others would have discovered the theorems attributed to Pythagoras. In most cases of scientific and technological discovery there is evidence to suggest that others were approaching the same conclusions. Great scientists may speed our advancing

knowledge temporarily but the overall advance seems inevitable and independent of individuals.

On the contrary, the progress of art and culture appears to depend entirely on inspired individuals. Obscure though the connection may be, the loss of Shakespeare would have had more effect on the modern Chinese peasant than the loss of Galileo.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.14

PETER ROWE

The Messiahs of the Milk Bars?

Sir,—As a thoughtful young man myself I should like to comment on Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones' talk 'The Messiahs of the Milk Bars?' (THE LISTENER, November 7).

A lot of young people, not necessarily confined to the ones Mr. Pryce-Jones discussed, have feelings of disgust for politics, distaste at privilege, incredulity over the attitude to royalty, and hilarity at the Establishment. They have the uncomfortable feeling that many long-established and customary forms of our society have outlived their usefulness, that they are now sterile; and many young men are angry because the majority of people do not realise this. Hence their habit of castigation or transcendentalism, the former being an attempt at waking up the deep slumber of ordinary people, the latter an expression of near contempt.

But what, above all, is so interesting about these young people is that they exhibit a welling-up of deep feeling about the society in which they live, rather than a logical analysis of their standpoint in that society. Their feelings are paramount; logic subsidiary. Consciously or unconsciously they are bringing into existence a new awareness of human values, and critics are dubbing this a preoccupation with class-consciousness!

What the young men are most concerned with is nothing less than a revolution in outlook.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.6

DONALD F. EGNER

What Is a Dictionary?

Sir,—Mr. S. C. Dyke asks me if I can do something about the word 'Virement', which seems to have eluded the editors of the *Oxford English Dictionary*. Alas, I can do nothing what-sum-soever about it. I have never met with

the word, nor have any of the friends, in several walks of life, from whom I have sought information. It is not in any English or American dictionary I have been able to consult at short notice.

After some searching I find that it is a French banking-term. A *banque de virement* seems to be a clearing-bank for transfer of funds, and a *compte de virement* a bank-account for purposes of transfer to other accounts. In addition *virement d'eau* seems to mean 'turn of the tide'. I do not see why, in any of these senses, the word is necessary in English. Perhaps Mr. Dyke will give a reference to the parliamentary report in which he found it, and ask his legal friends for further references. If the word gains sufficient currency the compilers of the *O.E.D.* will no doubt include it and illustrations of its usage in their new supplement. Mr. Dyke must wait until the nineteen-sixties and see.

New words are treated differently in different countries. In the United States some works of reference give a list of 'Words of the Year', on approval as it were, and at the least a useful record of their birth.

In France, the *Dictionary of the Academy* is very cautious, reluctant and even stubborn. Words are admitted only when they can no longer be ignored, when they have been an integral part of the French language for some considerable time, and their admission is the final seal of approval by the body which regulates the French language.

In England this idea of authority has never been accepted, and words take their chance. Infant mortality in vocabulary is very high, and though words are born almost every minute, only a small proportion survives.

Only this week I find Mr. John Wain speaking of 'the immense effortfulness of Conrad's work' (I do not remember seeing the word before), and Mr. Kenneth Tynan, writing of Sir Ralph Richardson's acting, deliberately plays the midwife to a new word. 'What is the word for that voice? Something between bland and grandiose: *blandiose*, perhaps'. If I had not read *The Observer* this week I should have missed these two births. Both may die, or perhaps the influence of THE LISTENER may help towards their adoption.—Yours, etc.,

London, E.1

J. ISAACS

'Jowett'

Sir,—Your reviewer of Sir Geoffrey Faber's *Life of Jowett* (THE LISTENER, November 7) seems surprised to find what Dr. Pusey's attitude to the question of Jowett's salary really was. There has been no room for any misconception on the point since the publication in 1897 of Volume IV of Liddon's *Life of Pusey*.

In a letter to Bishop Wilberforce dated October 31, 1860, Pusey shows how he himself had proposed in Hebdomadal Council a plan whereby Jowett might have £400 a year, and the University would not be committed to 'any personal approbation of Professor Jowett'. Pusey's plan was in fact more generous financially than Stanley's. The latter moved in Council for £300 a year, but in such a way as to imply confidence in Jowett as a teacher of theology.

Yours, etc.,

Scarborough

JOHN C. APPLEBY

'The English Cathedral'

Sir,—I must leave Mr. G. H. Cook to defend your reviewer's editorial criticisms of his *The English Cathedral through the Centuries* (THE LISTENER, November 21) but as a publisher of some experience and not, I hope, without aesthetic judgement, I feel impelled to ask how your reviewer would produce a book of 120,000 words, of over 400 pages and many pages of plates, which is not 'rather heavy to hold'? If he can discover a paper, not a featherweight, which has substance without being heavy, or a binding board with similar qualities, I am sure the publishing world would be very glad to hear of it. Even on aesthetic grounds there are some of us who like solid books and expect their works of scholarship to have a reasonable physical weight.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.2

JOHN BAKER
Managing Director,
Phoenix House, Ltd.

The Rediscovery of Eastern Christendom

Sir,—The Rev. Peter Hammond's second talk on 'The Rediscovery of Eastern Christendom' (THE LISTENER, November 21) contained a most misleading though excusable false assumption. He dealt with reformed theology cursorily, and in particular passed over the place accorded to the laity in the priesthood of all believers by John Calvin. 'Western' theology, in fact, is Anglicanism and Catholicism *plus* Presbyterianism and much else; and his failure to allow for that complexity constitutes his false assumption. It is not necessary to go to Eastern Orthodoxy; though it is valuable to discover in its tradition something which may be said largely to substantiate the standpoint of Calvinism with regard to the laity.

Mr. Hammond spoke also of the 'apophatic'—that is, non-metaphysical theology of orthodoxy. Many of us would doubtless be only too glad to agree that metaphysical theology is a dead letter. But the question remains, whether the mystical existentialism of the East is the one possible answer. Professor Ramsey in *Religious Language* has developed a non-metaphysical approach which has the merits of the Eastern view without its difficult, perhaps even unrealistic, mysticism; and there are others who have graduated beyond a merely conceptual dogmatic theology without finding their route to lie along the mystic highway of the East.

This is not to denigrate Eastern Christendom, but merely to protest against tendencies to strive after artificial conformity, and against a failure to do justice to many Protestant lines of thought other than, presumably, the Anglican. Surely there is room for them all.

Yours, etc.,

Thornhill

JAMES C. G. GREIG

Natural Selection and Organic Evolution

Sir,—Professor Good's argument (THE LISTENER, November 21) that natural selection can play little or no part in the evolution of plants—and perhaps also of animals—ought not to pass without comment. Natural selection means only that if a population of organisms contains forms with different hereditary constitutions, those which give rise to the greatest relative proportion of mature adults in each succeeding generation will eventually replace the others. Indirect evidence that the animals or plants we study may or may not have evolved through the operation of natural selection is valuable. But direct evidence of this selective transmission of inheritable characteristics can be sought through observations on the spread, in nature, of one variety at the expense of others and by measurements of their relative viability and fecundity.

Admittedly there are enormous difficulties in studying these matters in animals, but there is now enough evidence of this kind available to convince most zoologists of the existence and effectiveness of natural selection and to show even the more sceptical ones that its occurrence cannot reasonably be denied until more such information has been obtained.

It is therefore surprising that Professor Good does not even mention the relevance of this approach. Until plant populations have been adequately analysed in this way I find it difficult to share Professor Good's confidence in an abstract argument which leaves the essential problem untouched.

A second difficulty is the unsatisfactory nature of Professor Good's alternative explanations of evolution. Mutation, of course, is the name given to a change in any unit of heredity and is one of the two main sources of genetic variability on which selection might act. But by 'the mutation theory' Professor Good seems to mean only the view that large differences between some varieties of animals and plants can arise at a single step. He still has to explain how these varieties, which start as aberrant individuals, become widespread. And without assuming a frequency of mutation far greater than anything ever observed it is difficult to account for this spread except through selection. As for orthogenesis, in any scientific sense of the word this is a description of directional evolutionary change rather than a causal explanation of the process. The theory of natural selection does, in principle at any rate, provide what many regard as the most likely mechanism of orthogenesis.

Animals and plants—and, one must add, the different kinds of animals and of plants—differ sufficiently for one to see that the factors involved in evolution may well differ in relative importance from case to case. And even the demonstration that natural selection occurs would be far from disposing of all problems of the origins of species. But I would have thought that the ingenuity and skill devoted to the

elaboration and modification of Darwin's hypothesis in the last three decades made it easier, rather than more difficult, to suppose that natural selection is both a widespread and important factor in evolutionary change.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.13

R. G. DAVIES

Animal Clocks

Sir,—Some people can decide before going to sleep at night to awaken at a predetermined time, without alarum or other outside stimulus, and even irregularly. I am prompted by Mr. J. D. Carthy's talk on animal clocks (THE LISTENER, November 14) to ask what may be the explanation for these human clocks.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

MICHAEL B. RUBINSTEIN

Collecting English Antique Furniture

Sir,—Whilst I agree with Mr. R. C. Carter that the court cupboard illustrating Mr. Lowe's talk is not typical of its period, it is a mistake to suppose that walnut was so rare at the time. Many of the rich and fashionable families used this wood at the end of the sixteenth century as some of the pieces at Hardwick, to name but one collection, clearly show.

Mr. Carter is, however, quite wrong in suggesting that 'it would be in Mr. Sheraton's and not Chippendale's workshop one should go to see how veneers were used'. Recent research by Mr. Ralph Edwards and the late Miss Margaret Jourdain has shown that while Chippendale had his equals in the realm of carved furniture, his inlaid pieces in the neo-Classic manner represent his finest work and justify his reputation as one of the greatest of English cabinet-makers. At Harewood House where one may see superlative examples of his inlaid work, the celebrated commode is described in the Chippendale accounts as having 'exceeding fine Antique Ornaments curiously inlaid with various fine woods'.

On the other hand, there is no evidence to show that Sheraton ever had a workshop, let alone that he was a master of the technique of inlay. That he was more of a dilettante and less of a craftsman is clear from his trade card which states he 'teaches perspective, architecture and ornaments, makes designs for cabinet-makers, sells all kinds of drawing books'.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.3

R. W. P. LUFF

Down to the Sea in Somerset

Sir,—Dr. R. D. Reid, in a talk reproduced in THE LISTENER of November 21, says that 'Because this north marsh was so damp and liable to be overflowed there is no coast road between the watering places of Weston, Clevedon, and Portishead'.

The reason given may be correct for the region between Weston and Clevedon, but is the exact reverse of true for the Clevedon to Portishead part. In fact a coast road here would be more than 100 feet above the sea and so safe from flooding, whereas the actual road is in the Gordano valley, which is so low-lying that Dr. Reid suggests that it may once have been a sea. Surely the real reason is that the road linked the villages, which grew on neither the most marshy nor the most exposed places.

Yours, etc.,

Swansea

H. J. GODWIN

Art

Round the London Galleries

By ANDREW FORGE

THE important Belgian artist Constant Permeke has up till now hardly been seen in this country, even though his influence upon certain painters here has been profound. Now at last he is to be seen on some scale at an Arts Council exhibition at the Tate Gallery.

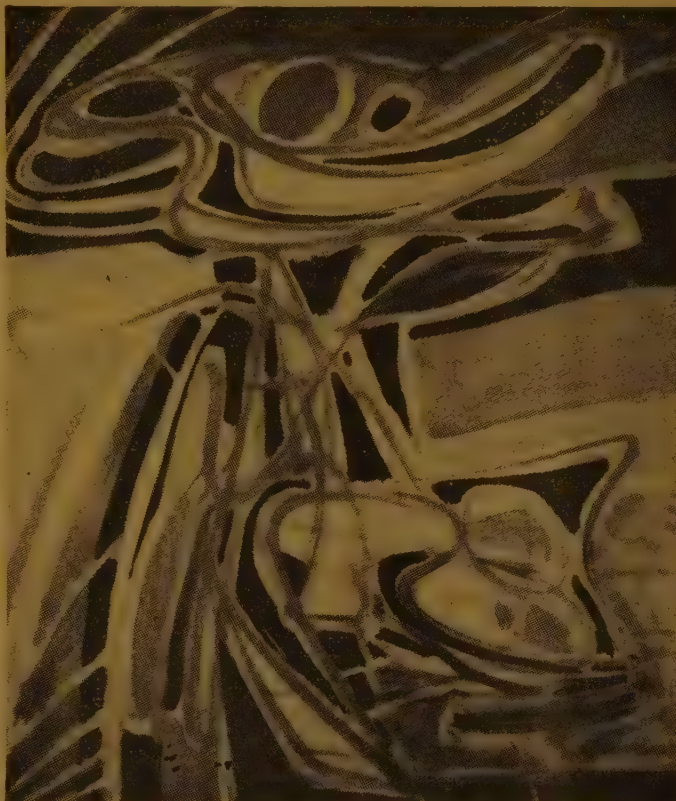
Permeke belonged to that formidable line of painters descended from Millet, whose subject has been the sadness and grandeur of peasant life. Like Van Gogh, Permeke must have underwritten that famous description of the peasants of Millet, that they 'look as if they were painted with the earth they till', and have wanted his own pictures to have the same look. For this seems to be the essence of the subject: to paint the countryman as though he were a zebra in a thicket, to express the way he marks and is marked by his fields, to 'live deep, deep in the heart of the country' as Van Gogh promised to do. Permeke's colours are the colours of a primitive northern peasant existence; he saturates his people with the colours of mud or straw, with the fiery gold of harvest, the bitter grey of winter, the kipper brown of indoors. In his farmyards even the sky is like dung. (He often uses glazes of colour to give an all-over suffusion.) In some pictures, such as Nos. 30 or 47 here, he makes separate items, figures, boats, or sheaves melt into the general tone of the landscape. For instance he will draw a figure with a brownish line against a gold-brown field, and only just distinguish it.

Such features are in themselves extremely expressive—they make it very clear, what he means. But they also create a curious ambiguity in his style. M. van Lerberghe comments in his introduction to the catalogue that for Permeke 'there were no hard and fast distinctions between painting and drawing nor between drawing and sculpture . . . only the result was important'. This is exactly what one feels. It is here that his singleness of mind, his grandeur, shows itself; yet it is at the same point that what I take to be a weakness in him is also revealed. Colour for him was *either* a dark to draw with *or else* a source of emotional atmosphere, of mood. Colour in fact does not add to his forms, still less make forms of its own; it merely contributes an overtone; he uses it rather as Picasso used it during his blue period. The way in which he designs the shapes in his pictures may be criticised in the same manner.

The earliest major work here, 'The Stranger' (a fascinating and wonderful though immature picture), shows a crowded room; on the right a man and a large dog are framed in the doorway; this is the stranger. In the foreground a very fat man faces a woman on her knees who is wiping the face of a child. Each group is simplified, the forms smoothed together and made

sculptural and compact. But the massive egg-shape of the fat man is more than a monumental simplification: it is also a caricature of his fatness, a Humpty Dumpty shape, and this is confirmed by the drawing of the nose which sticks out like a sultana against the light.

Caricature and academic simplification—the



'Sun Dancer' (1947), oil painting by S. W. Hayter: from the exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery

two motives go together in all his subsequent figure work. We can see side by side pictures which are one or the other or both; there are vast idealised drawings from the female nude that might have been done by some Nordic follower of Maillol; there are brutal and expressive caricatures like the famous painting-drawing 'Harvester'; and there are more serene works like 'The Couple', No. 28, which recreates in a twentieth-century language a classic of nineteenth-century peasant painting, Bastien Lepage's 'Les Foins'. One's final impression is that Permeke was after all a world away from those painters with whom one had, at first, most wanted to compare him, Van Gogh and Léger. Beside them he seems old-fashioned, academic for the reason that he was so obviously aware of separate, alternative modes of expression. Compared with Léger his simplifications seem clapped on; compared with Van Gogh his realism seems to be on the outside of things looking in, free to skim appearances for an expressive line. Van Gogh wanted his drawings of looms to creak; Permeke's wagon wheels (Nos. 22, 68) would not turn round, let alone creak.

William Hayter who is being shown in style at the Whitechapel Gallery is an English artist in his fifties, yet it is only now that he is becoming generally known in this country. In France his influence as a pioneer in techniques of etching and engraving has extended over twenty years. As to America: 'Any survey of printmaking in the United States today must begin with the British engraver Stanley William Hayter', wrote William Lieberman of the Museum of Modern Art at the beginning of such a survey.

The importance of the present exhibition is that it introduces us properly to Hayter as a painter. I have never liked his engravings. They have always seemed to me too polished, too slick; and of all period shapes those melted-toffee arabesques of the surrealist 'thirties which Hayter has relied upon such a lot seem now to be the most barren. However his paintings are far more interesting; one reads them as lines in movement rather than as closed shapes and as such they have energy and direction. They are big enough for one to get into the swing of the line, to understand the moves. It is a way of painting in which everything depends upon the execution, upon, one would think, the artist responding automatically, like an athlete at speed, to what is happening at the end of his brush. One begins to understand how very close Hayter has been to recent developments in painting.

The Indian artist F. N. Souza is showing a group of pictures at Gallery One. Somewhere behind any serious painting of a head there is a wish to gain command of a person, abrogated no doubt by many a civilised portrait-painter and faked up by many a clown of Modern Art. But in Souza you can see the real thing operating, you can see him closing in on his images as though they could save his life, or backing away from them as though they could kill him. Souza himself has said that he has made of his art 'a metabolism. I express myself freely in paint in order to exist'. I am interested to know why this art which is extremely private in its function and extremely exotic in its forms should appear, as it does, relevant and telling. I think that the main reason is the sight of art *at work*, of paintings made from dire moral necessity. You feel that certain of these heads are 'good' and others are 'bad' and this sense of a clear hierarchy among the pictures, for whatever reason one feels it, is in itself moving.

At the Beaux Arts Gallery Peter Snow is showing some oil paintings. Snow is best known for his stage decor and like many painters involved with the stage he will probably have to resign himself to having his paintings underestimated. In fact they are not stagey: they are inimitable compounds of childlike naturalism and mature decorative ability.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Journey to Java. By Harold Nicolson. Constable. 21s.

A TRAVEL BOOK? Yes, there is the round trip to Java, but it is little more than *décor* for the celebration of two felicitous months in the life of a consistently happy man. The account of things seen is certainly an ingredient of this happiness since Sir Harold Nicolson is one of those people, fewer than there used to be, for whom the exterior world exists. He is avid for information; he will note, for example, that tapioca is a constituent in the glossiness of the glossier magazines. He has the Stendhalian gift of selecting the facts which illuminate the *mores* of a foreign country, or the passengers on a ship. He looks at fish and flowers and trees and men and himself. 'What am I but an old man driven by the trade winds? . . . I shave and anoint my hair with Bay Rum. I go down to breakfast'.

The great ship plunges on and Sir Harold settles down to his books. 'I like my own (deck) chair and sit on it for a while reading Diogenes Laertius'. For as, once, Mr. Graham Greene set out for darkest Africa to discover the objective correlatives of Original Sin, so Sir Harold comfortably installs himself on the M.V. *Willem Ruys* to study 'the problem of contentment'. Mr. Greene, if we remember rightly, took some Trollope to cheer himself up (in vain); Sir Harold, constitutionally cheerful, but a little guilty on that account, decides for the literary remains of melancholiacs, the confessions and *journaux intimes* of the great depressives. It was a heavy case of books to lug aboard: Galen, Burton, Rousseau, Novalis, Sénancour, Amiel, Kierkegaard, and 'a few books by the sturdier philosophers . . . Kant and Hume and William James and John Stuart Mill and Bishop Gore'. His friends will be relieved to know that he stood up very well to this self-inflicted attack on his *bonheur*; who else, indeed, could have emerged with undiminished self-confidence from such a frightful research?

If we are sometimes tempted to remark that the tone of voice is a little complacent Sir Harold dissolves our petulance by the irony with which he observes himself—'a man of my age, who from a safe distance has witnessed two world wars . . .'. He has also created Culpeper, a fellow passenger. Does Sir Harold enjoy hearing himself talk? Culpeper is there to say it for us. Is he preposterously bookish? Culpeper has already made the observation. It is typical of Sir Harold's disposition that when we have come to the point of rushing to protect him from Culpeper's sneers he gives the character a sudden twist which summons all our compassion for the creature, and we finish this agreeable volume by liking everyone, most of all its author.

The pages he devotes to his melancholiacs are, as we should expect, deft and stimulating; his conclusions guiltlessly materialist. 'Most of the malcontents whose cases I have examined have been cursed, either with some deformity which hampers biological fulfilment, or with some functional weakness which prevents the easy elimination of waste products'. It is sad to think that the amateurs of *angst* are unlikely to turn their attention from the crabbed gospels of

existentialism to consider this charming book—its unforced evidence of civilised sanity, its *amitié*, its hatred of nothing save what is uncivilised and mean.

Rimbaud. By C. A. Hackett. Bowes and Bowes. 10s. 6d.

One night fifty years ago Max Jacob and André Salmon stumbled out into the shadows of the Rue Ravignan shouting '*A bas, Rimbaud!*' Only the other day René Char announced: '*Rimbaud est le premier poète d'une civilisation non encore apparue*'. Between these poles of denunciation and acclaim appears the critic, with his reservations and hedgings, his mania for the original texts. Such is this brilliant little book by Professor Hackett, the fruit of long, patient study now concentrated into a hundred pages. Has he anything new to say? The surprising thing is that he is able to come forward with a fresh interpretation of the poet's genius which, although it undermines the extravagant claims made for it, leaves the genius intact.

The point where Professor Hackett becomes most interesting (which is not to say that he is without interest when he works over familiar ground) is his examination of the letters from Abyssinia as an integral part of the *œuvre* rather than as a biographical source. It has been too easily taken for granted that there were two Rimbauds—the one who wrote poems and the one who no longer wrote poems. Professor Hackett holds that there is one underlying theme which is at the heart of the poems and is equally present in the trader and explorer of Haïrar: 'a child's belief in his own omnipotence'. 'The last, cruelly lucid picture Rimbaud has left of himself', writes Professor Hackett, 'shows that his "submission" and the new magic of money and "useful" knowledge, failed, as the earlier magic of words had failed, to deliver him from his season in hell'. The defeat of the child was thus, to the very end, the defeat of the child . . . and the tautology has to be accepted in a world where man can only fulfil himself by setting limits to his desire for omnipotence.

There are two conclusions to be drawn from Professor Hackett's revaluation. The first is that it sanctions a retreat from the extreme positions of the romantic aesthetic. The second is that the mystique of nihilism is deprived of its greatest mystic. Rimbaud remains the great and extraordinary romantic poet that he is when we are absolved from the necessity of receiving him as a prophet.

A Book of Anecdotes. By Daniel George. Hulton Press. 18s.

'A minute passage of private life' was Dr. Johnson's definition of Anecdote: by origin the word means anything unpublished. The unpublished privacies of the eminent should be, and are, easily readable when the negative is removed from the title and we have the 'ecdote' so eagerly passed on by those with long ears, eyes prompt at keyholes, ready tongues and pens, and some powers of invention.

Much anecdote comes from people with a


relish for mischief and sometimes from those who are either liars or ready to cook up a tale when the truth has some meat in it, but that cold or insufficient. Daniel George has proved in previous volumes of literary extract and personal comment upon men and their troubles, the prodigious extent of his reading and his communicable appreciation of the odd and the ludicrous. He is the right man to be the anthologist of anecdotes. He has done some detective work in tracing the origins and validity of the stories that he prints: but he is well aware that 'the mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure'. So he will not deprive us of an illuminating fabrication because of its deficiency in fact. The false, as Bacon said, can entertain; but the false can also give its flash of truth. Sir Wins on Churchill has well called anecdotes the 'gleaming toys of history'. They can, most usefully, throw a light on reality, since all that glitters is sometimes gold.

The anthologist is lavish in his parade of these toys of chroniclers. There are four hundred pages of the conjectures and tittle-tattle that surround our chronicles; the choice extends from the current classics onwards, with especial attention to the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. English literature has served him well: Pepys is scantily used, but Fuller and John Aubrey between them can go far to provide a tatler's treasury. The subjects most liable to stimulate anecdotal activities are, according to the index, authors and poets, churchmen and soldiers, royalty and food. Sex, discreetly divided into Courtship and Husbands and Wives, has by no means a dominant place. The total result is an ample supply of casual reading which includes a number of history lessons as well as of good stories that are really good.


The Business of War. By Sir John Kennedy. Edited and with a Preface by Bernard Fergusson. Hutchinson. 25s.

The publishers of this book say that those who were of the inner councils of the second world war are faced with a difficult problem: should they continue to hold their peace or should they publish? Though this is true, it must be said as well that an increasing number of the people concerned are now solving the problem by deciding to publish, even if Sir Winston Churchill was perhaps unique in preparing to write about the war while he was still fighting it.

When so many memoirs are appearing, and when they have been preceded by Sir Winston's and by some at least of the volumes of the Cabinet's official history of the war, it is not to be expected that any new instalment will add much to our existing knowledge of the course or the strategy of the conflict. Books like Sir John Kennedy's must be judged by other standards. Do they add to our understanding of the decisions that were taken and the events that occurred by re-creating for us the atmosphere, the conditions, the difficulties, the personalities of the time? By these standards *The Business of War* is among the best and most useful of the books of this kind that we have had to date.



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It is not a great book; but then, despite the claims of publishers and reviewers, no great book has yet been written on the conduct of the second world war at top levels, no analysis of a high order of the sort which Sir John's general title might lead some readers to expect, no addition to the literature of war that could be put on the shelves with de Vigny or Chateaubriand. Even for what it is, despite the generally high standard of editing by Mr. Fergusson, it still contains too much of the useless—as opposed to the useful—trivial detail that is characteristic of this kind of work: who met whom at Le Bourget airfield, at what hour, en route to which hotel. On the other hand, it does reconstruct the war-time atmosphere at the higher levels in London in a way that wins our conviction and on the basis of obviously contemporary and authentic source materials.

This atmosphere, like the conduct of the war itself, was dominated by Mr. Churchill. It is on this subject that the book has most to say and makes its most useful contribution. Even here, it does not say much that is new. People who have made any study of the war have generally concluded by now, as Sir John Kennedy concludes, that a distinction must be drawn between Churchill the national leader and Churchill the strategist, and that while he was magnificent in the former rôle the Prime Minister was rarely impressive in the other. For the armchair critic, however, analysing strategy after the event, it is only too easy, as Sir Winston himself has pointed out, to ignore the uncertainties of the moment and judge by impossible standards. The important thing about this book is that it checks and confirms the above conclusion by revealing the views held and the opinions advanced at the time by someone who was first the Director of Military Operations and then the Assistant Chief of Imperial General Staff. These show that Mr. Churchill's defects as a strategist, as they appear after the event, were defects also when judged by such standards as could be applied before it. Needless to say, there are other topics on which the author's views are of interest, but it is chiefly for its frank criticism and sober estimate of the Prime Minister as a strategist that the book will be of permanent value.

**The Apothecary's Shop. By D. J. Enright.
Secker and Warburg. 21s.**

Although Mr. Enright's book contains critical essays on writers as far apart in time and in intention as Ben Jonson and Thomas Mann, it has a sense of unity because the writer pleads, by statement and by the implications of his own criticism, for a critical approach that is more directly related to life than is much of the literary criticism of today. The most interesting part of *The Apothecary's Shop*, and in a way, its core, is in the essays on Goethe, and on Thomas Mann who is generally underrated and found unsympathetic in this country. Mr. Enright maintains that the apparent ambiguousness of *Wilhelm Meister* does not mean that Goethe had any uncertainty about what he was doing—rather the reverse: Goethe accepted the whole of life, with all its untidiness and contradictions; he would not narrow his art by limiting himself. In fact 'he attempted to bring art a little closer to real life than was safe for it'.

Mr. Enright points out that Thomas Mann is in the tradition of Goethe, and that it is mistaken to regard him simply as a novelist of ideas.

This is certainly important for an understanding of Mann: in *The Magic Mountain*, for instance, ideas are very much present, and political and philosophical ideas are discussed at length, particularly by Settembrini and Naphta, while the somewhat passive hero, Hans Castorp, is given time to formulate his own; nevertheless, Mr. Enright is right in saying that in the end Mann has given us live characters who are greater than their ideas; and the ideas themselves have arisen 'in the very process of living'.

In an essay 'The Anti-diabolic Faith', Mr. Enright has written a perceptive criticism of Thomas Mann's *Dr. Faustus*, a novel that is in many ways more important than *The Magic Mountain*, but which has so far had less attention in this country although it explores thoroughly that theme which obsessed Mann—illness and art. Mr. Enright sees *Dr. Faustus* as an almost intolerable tragedy and *The Magic Mountain* as an exciting comedy; but one should add that he shows subtlety and insight in his analysis of Mann's essential compassion and humanism. Among other interesting essays are a note on Rilke's influence on some of Auden's poems, and a comparison of Virginia Woolf with E. M. Forster.

**Aristophanes against War: The Acharnians, The Peace, Lysistrata
Translated by Patric Dickinson.
Oxford. 18s.**

Aristophanes, as Gilbert Murray saw, is an author devoted above all to three subjects: peace, poetry, and the philosophic criticism of life. And he would probably have agreed that without peace there can be little poetry or philosophy. His greatest plays were written under the shadow of war, and although this could not dampen his irrepressible high spirits or check the inexhaustible flow of his comic invention, it did determine many of his themes and fix the targets for his satire. This new translation of those plays in which his longing for peace is most intensely expressed was commissioned by the Third Programme. 'The Acharnians' and 'The Peace' have already been broadcast and 'Lysistrata' is on the air this week.

These plays should be compulsory reading for any who still regard classical drama principally in terms of formal perfection, economy of means, subtlety of characterisation, and elevation of tone. Aristophanes is poles apart from all this. His plots are among the most ramshackle ever put on the stage. His characters, though they spring miraculously to life, are drawn in the broadest strokes and lack depth and perspective. He has a sublime contempt for the unities, for consistency, and for dramatic (or any other) propriety. It is part of his genius that he can modulate in a moment from the ridiculous to the sublime, from racy Attic dialogue to a vein of pure lyricism, from the loudest and bawdiest of horse laughs to an extreme sophistication and refinement—as in his often astonishingly subtle use of parody. The plays also illustrate most interestingly how the Old Comedy, which never quite congealed, ran into the mould of new patterns and forms as Aristophanes matured, or grew old. 'Lysistrata' is much closer to the modern theatre than 'The Acharnians', and the heroine is a much more fully realised character than occurs in the earlier plays. The uproarious village merrymaking which seems just round the corner in 'The

Acharnians' is barely within earshot in 'Lysistrata', though it is not altogether lost to sight and sound until the 'Plutus'.

Mr. Dickinson shows great resource in turning into English a dramatist who is the translator's despair. He is helped, as he acknowledges in his preface, by the existence of a living idiom of contemporary poetic drama, an advantage which neither of his chief predecessors, Rogers and Murray, enjoyed. Much of Aristophanes' lyricism is necessarily lost. But the dialogue keeps the snap and sparkle of the original, and the choral interludes in long sprawling lines are surprisingly successful. The dialect scenes are alive and entertaining, and the exuberant language, atrocious puns, and the speed and attack of the swiftly changing episodes, are most skilfully reproduced and maintained.

**Come to Prison. By Sewell Stokes.
Longmans. 21s.**

**Prisons I Have Known. By Mary Size.
Allen and Unwin. 18s.**

**The Offenders. By Giles Playfair and
Derrick Sington.**

Secker and Warburg. 25s.

Mr. Stokes is an author and journalist who served as a probation officer during the war. He has recently had the opportunity to visit a handful of prisons and in his book he tells us what he saw. It is not, of course, meant as a text-book to set beside Sir Lionel Fox's *English Prison and Borstal Systems*; it aims at giving the public some idea of what happens to a prisoner when he disappears from view down the narrow flight of stairs which leads from the dock to the cells below. Mr. Stokes visited Wakefield, a local gaol, Dartmoor, the corrective training prison at Camp Hill, the preventive detention prison at Nottingham, Holloway, and Askham Grange. He watched the prisoners 'slopping out', working, and attending classes. He talked to Governors and prison officers, but, alas, he had no chance of talking to the prisoners themselves. His impressions were on the whole favourable, but of course there are criticisms: the kind of work they do, the system of payment, and, above all, the dismal fact that reformatory efforts have to be undertaken in buildings totally unsuitable, and, as they say, 'run on a shoe-string'. In fact, as an old friend from his probation days observed: 'Once you've done a month inside there's nothing to it. Really there isn't'. One might wonder whether his jolly invitation to 'come to prison' might not be accepted in a sense he did not intend. But he has an answer to those who protest against 'pampering': 'no man', he says, 'is the worse for being treated decently. Indeed, the chances are that he may be made better'.

Miss Size, by whom Mr. Stokes might have been shown round Askham Grange if he had gone there a few years earlier, would agree. Miss Size's account of the changes in the prison system since she joined the service in 1906, when 'retribution and deterrence were the order of the day', is an authoritative confirmation of Mr. Stokes' reformist views. It is a valuable document because Miss Size herself played an important part in introducing reforms aimed at developing a sense of personal pride and responsibility, rather than humiliation and misery. Her modest account of her work at Holloway, Aylesbury, and Liverpool shows how much

can be done by prison officers and Governors who combine firmness with sympathetic understanding.

This praise of the efforts of the Prison Commissioners and their agents would, no doubt, be echoed by Mr. Playfair and Mr. Singleton. 'So far, so good', they might say, 'but not nearly far enough'. They remind us of the muddle we are in. We accept 'reform', perhaps, but when it comes to a particularly brutal murder or to treason, the punitive principles of retribution and deterrence rear their heads. These principles they argue in their admirable 'summing up' cannot be logically or scientifically defended; they are rationalisations of our desire for vengeance. Furthermore, abolition of the death penalty is not enough; it may lead to our taking it out of the culprit in some other way.

They tell the story of Neville Heath, who was executed, of Joseph Redenbaugh, another murderer, who has been in the American gaol of Stillwater since 1916, of Irma Grese, the 'beast-ess of Belsen', who was executed at Hamelin, and of the Rosenbergs, executed as traitors before a considerable audience in Sing Sing. What ought to have happened? The first two were psychopaths and ought to have been given psychological treatment early in their careers; Irma Grese and the Rosenbergs ought to have been persuaded out of their misguided opinions. As for the treatment of psychopaths, they give the case of Rudi Brettinger, who, they claim, cured himself, and that of a Swedish murderer, who was cured in a psychopathic clinic in that country. Perhaps, when the East-Hubert clinic is established, we shall be able to do the same kind of thing, though many authorities tell us that the chances of success with this type of case are remote. Not that that is any reason for killing, or even punishing, them. The ideologically misguided present a difficulty. To kill them is useless and barbarous. Ought we not to ask what would happen if they were let loose? After all, a publicly tried spy is a loss to his profession, and violence in concentration camps does not necessarily imply violence when there aren't any.

King of the French: A Portrait of Louis Philippe, 1773-1850. By Agnes de Stoeckl. Murray. 25s.

If there is still a place in the world of letters and biography for the straightforward anecdotal and highly personal life-story of eminent men, the Baroness de Stoeckl at the age of eighty-three has contributed an admirable specimen of that somewhat unfashionable *genre* of writing. Without revelling in scandal, she has combed from the abundant memoirs of nineteenth-century France a rich compilation of personal details of the life of Louis Philippe and the Orleanist family, and has deftly assembled them into a coherent and continuous narrative. She does justice to the few heroic moments and the unromantic abilities of that fustian monarch, without disregarding his notorious meannesses.

The outlines of Louis Philippe's upbringing and crafty intrigues, his faithless usurpation in 1830, his shallow 'democratic' posturings as king and his unceremonious dethronement in 1848, are familiar enough. It is not in keeping with the book's purpose to proffer serious interpretations of the revolutionary movements of France or the changing economic conditions which undermined the July Monarchy, and none such are attempted. Instead we have details

of marriages and illnesses, family anxieties and personal misfortunes, bad harvests and epidemics of cholera. If the snatches of alleged conversation and the colourful anecdotes are accepted somewhat uncritically from such gossips as the Comtesse de Boigne and Maxime du Camp, the drawing of character is, on the whole, firm and authentic, and the story marches steadily on at its own very feminine level. The populace appear only as mobs, usually committing outrages and shattering dreams; ministers are glimpsed wrestling, nearly always futilely, with overdue predicaments of politics; and ambassadors are quoted not on diplomacy but on trivial incidents. It all makes easy, entertaining reading. It is not history as any of the professional historians understand it. But it is 'about chaps', and in its own way complements the studies of trends, conditions, movements and forces which make up the material of more serious history.

A Hundred Years of Philosophy

By John Passmore. Duckworth. 35s.

There is a peculiar difficulty about writing the history of philosophy, well illustrated in the extremely thorough account which Professor Passmore here gives of philosophy in the last hundred years. It is not quite that, with such a formidable aggregation of detail, the reader cannot well see the wood for the trees, for it is precisely to the trees that Professor Passmore wishes to direct his attention. The trouble is rather that a brief description of a tree may not make it clear whether the specimen described is alive or dead. In this book a great deal of dead wood is given serious attention, and even some that is living emits a curiously musty smell.

His period runs from Mill to, more or less, the present. It is a period of considerable interest. It includes, after Mill, the brief and vivid eruption of various brands of Idealism; the beginnings, and then the golden age, of modern formal logic; and in the last fifty years, the striking and beneficial convulsions associated chiefly with the name of Wittgenstein. It is remarkable that, throughout this period, Professor Passmore's deliberate adoption of an English-speaker's viewpoint works wholly satisfactorily. For philosophy in English really was, and is not just treated as if it were, very tenuously related to philosophy in other languages. It is true that Idealism was largely a German affair, exotic in our language. But Professor Passmore brings out the odd fact that it flourished here precisely as it began to wither in its native soil. And more recently, except for some brisk interventions from Vienna, philosophy in English has gone very much its own way. Professor Passmore neither deplores this nor attempts to explain it. He acknowledges the fact, and glances only with some justified reluctance at Existentialism in a closing 'post-script'.

Professor Passmore's method, inevitably perhaps in so wide a field, is descriptive, not critical or analytic. He hardly ever raises the question whether a given philosopher's views were correct, his arguments good, or even whether his recorded words make sense at all. He sets out the views and arguments briefly, reproducing the words where their sense seems too doubtful to permit of re-phrasing. This makes for accuracy. It makes also for dullness, if one reads for very long at a stretch. However, if in future anyone wants to know quickly who Ferrier was, how

Adamson was related to Seth, what C. C. J. Webb had to say about the Absolute and personality, or indeed what much more interesting philosophers thought about much more interesting problems and about each other, he will find the essential information very clearly and conveniently assembled here. It would be a strong man who would want to read all of this book. But many will find some parts of it extremely useful. No doubt they will be grateful to Professor Passmore for writing it, displaying by doing so great philosophical strength.

Westminster Wader. By Rufus Noel-Buxton. Faber. 18s.

This is an exceptional book by an exceptional writer; it is amusing to read but almost impossible to describe. Lord Noel-Buxton rambles on entertaining the reader with his thoughts and opinions on many subjects, always interesting, often witty, and sometimes serious. He is fascinated by the Palace of Westminster and by Thorney, the marshy island on which it is built, especially by the history and former state of the islet before Edward the Confessor re-founded the Abbey. And also by the ford—the ford by which the Roman legions crossed the Thames where Westminster Bridge now spans it: his enthusiasm led him into his well-known experimental crossing on foot in the footsteps of Caesar.

Many things are discussed in this essay—London and its river, fords and boats, 'the open spaces of the Commonwealth and the crowded spaces of England; the splendours and miseries of being a member of the House of Lords, and in particular of being a second-generation right-wing Labour peer'. But always he comes back to his preoccupation—Thorney when it was a swamp of sedges with a hermit's wattle cell, and the boom of the bittern sounding from the reeds mingling with the plaintive cries of the shore birds feeding on the oozy banks beside the sluggish tide.

To the City of the Dead

By George Woodcock. Faber. 25s.

This is a most likeable modern travel book; the author's description of the Mexico he saw is sympathetic and he projects an agreeable impression of his own personality. He evidently took pains to read up the country before he went, but avoided forming preconceived notions. Consequently, apart from the many picturesque landscapes and other studies which we might expect, the book is interesting, for instance, because of its report on the present-day feeling in Mexico about the Mexican Revolution of 1910 onwards on the religious question which was so bitterly discussed a generation ago, on graft, on bull-fighting, and on many other things.

On the disparity between the wealth and display of the rich and the abjectness of the poor, Mr. Woodcock is able to stress the great difference in view-points between our society and the Mexican which this state of affairs symbolises. It is a point that can always be made in discussing the comparison between Latin societies and others, and it is an important one for travellers to be prepared for. The attitude towards the bull-fight is another such symbol, and here again Mr. Woodcock, as with almost all he touches, has good things to say.

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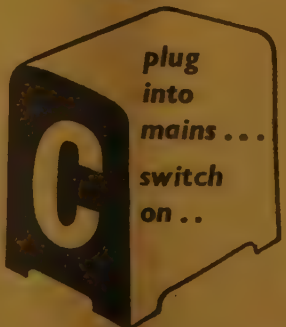
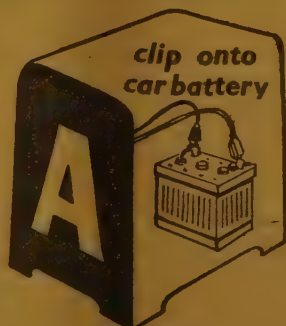
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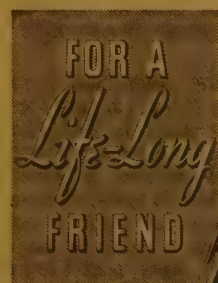
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CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

This Was Your Life

WHAT IS IT that makes a meeting of 'The Brains Trust' a success? One or more of a variety of elements, I think, rather than a single one. The Question-Master can do much, and Norman Fisher, like a good host, has the happy knack

Mr. Trevor-Roper who simply referred us to his book. How many of us, I wonder, consulted it? An inappropriate question of another kind was aimed recently at Professor Ayer: 'Please define Existentialism'. The answer was a brilliant supersonic solo flight by Mr. Ayer which delighted us viewers, the Question-Master, and the rest of the team, but again did not produce discussion. *C'était magnifique mais ce n'était pas la guerre.*



Generators of wind for the wind tunnel at the Royal Aircraft Establishment, Bedford: seen in 'Eye on Research—I. Wing in the Future', a programme about the work of the aerodynamicist, on November 21

of turning the team into a party of friends and inspiring it with a zest for talk. But there must be something to talk about and so the choice of questions plays a large but unpredictable part. Sometimes a good question unaccountably fails to get the treatment it deserves and a silly question starts some excellent talk. Last week with a brace of professors—A. J. Ayer and Hugh Trevor-Roper, Sir Oliver Franks and that admirable actor and producer, Michel Saint-Denis, the talk flowed free, but it was mostly light-weight stuff, enjoyable while it lasted but leaving me with nothing to put in my pipe and smoke. This was due in part to some of the questions, which were on matters of mere fact and not of opinion.

Such questions seem to spring from a misconception of the Question-Master's call, when announcing the team for the following week, for questions of special interest to one or other of its members. Last week a question aimed at Professor Trevor-Roper, who has written a book about Hitler, asked 'What is the most conclusive evidence of Hitler's death?' Such a question is quite out of place in a discussion group since it calls for no discussion: on this occasion it didn't even get an answer from

Monday brings 'Panorama' and 'This is Your Life'. 'Panorama' takes itself and me seriously. It is one of television's most important programmes and deals authoritatively with a great variety of topical themes: I switch it on regularly with full confidence that I shall find the greater part of it worth while. 'This is Your Life' is another matter. As a human and humane being I find it, as I have said on earlier occasions, extremely distasteful and as a critic I can tell you why. It has that disregard of the feelings of others which is typical of the confirmed practical joker. Last week I found it painful to watch the embarrassment of Miss Edith Powell when she found she had been lured into this public appearance.

No doubt relatives or friends or both connive in the plot, but that makes the spectacle of its success no more bearable, nor does the fact that some of the victims are well able to stand up to the ordeal make it much better. Once the victim is on the stage he is faced with an irruption of relatives and old and often forgotten

friends who greet him effusively and, urged on by the irrepressible Eamonn Andrews, extol his virtues to his face. It is a hectic business throughout and doubtless very exhausting to anyone as sensitive as Miss Powell. She has devoted her life to the care of crippled men and boys and is the founder of the Searchlight Homes for which she still works, a devoted, efficient and marvellously resourceful woman to whom the intrusion of this embarrassing bit of play acting must have been utterly bewildering. I hope the B.B.C. paid handsomely for their treatment of her.

On Friday we were given yet another sharp reminder of the second world war, complete with air battles, falling bombs, ruined towns, huge guns in action, and other horrors we would willingly forget, and I still cannot understand the reason for these grim resuscitations. This was a 'First Hand' programme called 'The Finest Hour'. In it Peter West recalled the summer of 1940 when we were anticipating the German invasion. It was full of extremely interesting facts about our defences, illustrated by first-rate film and described by Major-General Dove, who was on the operational staff of G.H.Q. Home Forces. Not only that: we had an account from the German side from General Blumentritt, who was on Marshal Rundstedt's staff. The programme told me and showed me many surprising details of which I knew nothing at the time nor indeed, in several instances, until last Friday. In short, an exceedingly good broadcast of its kind, but its kind, to my thinking, would have been better put away for a century or so.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

DRAMA

Escape Routes

IN THESE DAYS, when writers tell us solemnly that they are 'committed'—and how do the odd vogue-words grow?—it is sometimes a pleasure to escape: another vogue-word, now rubbed shiny but still useful. There have been several escape routes during the week. I turned to 'Nicholas Nickleby' with some anxiety because Dickens, in that often enchanted book, can set us trudging up some steep, dull roads, and I wondered what patch of country I might strike.

It proved to be fruitful enough. Smike, 'recaptured by Squeers, was released by Browdie—one of the more cheerful escapes—and we left Nicholas, after facing the three-pronged visit in reprisal, beginning what Dickens calls 'an anxious consideration of the painful and embarrassing condition in which he was placed'. William Russell's expression at the fade-out had the right Burleigh's Nod quality. But, then, the whole episode went along with ease. Brian Rawlinson was just the kind of Yorkshireman likely to observe, 'Odds-bobs, dost thou not know me, mun? Chap as met thee efter schoolmeaster was banged?' Esmond Knight, as Squeers,



'First Hand: the Finest Hour' on November 22—a British anti-invasion experiment of the last war, 'setting the sea on fire'

Imperial War Museum

showed us plainly what he felt about banged schoolmaster: Dickens might have enjoyed this. And it was pleasant to hear Gillian Lind in full chirp as Mrs. Nickleby ('such a good listener').

I was as good a listener then as during Sunday night's prolonged escape. This began when Alan Melville, in expansive sarcasm, roasted the old chestnut that the theatre is 'failing'. During the first of three programmes in which television takes a neighbourly view of the West End stage, we observed what may still be called—and here the vogue-word is ancient—some obstinate musical successes. Two critical ears must have burned when Mr. Melville quoted an early notice of 'Salad Days'. Presently we had escaped into the world of 'We're Looking for a Piano' and—moving across the Strand to 'Free as Air'—the island song of 'Let the Grass Grow': numbers to which we can cry now, in other words frayed by long usage, 'Well done, Simplicity!'

Forward to the night's play, 'The Red Headed Blonde', set round and about a musical comedy ('The Night, the Blonde, and the Music') which I cannot help feeling must have been a very bad one, though we were granted a single scene only. I found it hard to forgive Ada Kay, who had adapted Val Guest's farce for television, for cutting a sentence that remains my happiest memory of the play in the theatre: the cable, 'Decided to stahp—stahp', dictated by Yolande Donlan over the telephone as the curtain fell. Miss Donlan was not in Sunday's cast, but Vera Day supplied her 'dumb' young woman with a very pleasant twitter—she and Mrs. Nickleby might have had fun—and without offering any exasperating pastiche of the Donlan voice.

Too slow for a farce, the play loiters along. No matter. 'The whole thing', as little Surrey Smith might say, 'is quite impervious'. It is based on the reasonable idea that the casting of Miss Smith for the leading part in 'The Night, the Blonde, and the Music' is in every way proper if one overlooks the trivial facts that she is a red-head and can neither dance nor sing. Still she makes what we have guessed smugly will be the expected hit with an unconscious 'satire on the stupidity of musical comedy dancing'. A mild piece, though one has to say of it now and again, 'How comes it that you're so nice suddenly, all of a sudden?' It was acted genially by such people as Miss Day, William Fox as an enthusiastic publicist, and—in too small a part—Charles Lloyd Pack, who delightfully produced for the occasion a voice that reminded me of pink gelatine with cherries in it.

There was not much affinity between this farce and 'Frost at Midnight' in which we stand at the end of the fifteenth century in a small Warwickshire town. Within a few days the year 1500 will creep from the shadows. Again it is an escape, to André Obey's world of what has been called creative silence, and to the simplicities of the medieval miracle plays seen through the eyes of a Frenchman. It is a gentle, touching invention, translated by Warren Tute; its last scene in the empty echoing hall on the morning of the Nativity must linger with us. I had to lose some of the production, but it was clear that the company was in the right key, with Doreen Aris as the tavern wench



'The Red Headed Blonde' on November 24, with (left to right, standing) Tom Gill as Paul Rivers, William Fox as 'Banner' Brown, Charles Lloyd Pack as Jonathan Maxwell, Warren Mitchell as Tom Weldon, and Terence Alexander as Jim Henderson; and Vera Day as Surrey Smith



Marcel Marceau in 'The Walk Against the Wind' on November 18, when he gave to television viewers a selection of his pantomimes

because Nature never intended me for high-level espionage.

So back to Sunday night and to the peace of a 'Verse and Music' programme. There, among other things, we heard from the Melos Ensemble some Borodin unadorned, and in the quiet voice of Diana Wynyard—who no doubt enjoyed our surprise at this pairing—the ballad of 'Unfortunate Miss Bailey' and 'My true love hath my heart'.

Have you noticed anything odd about the week? Yes, you are quite right. No Robinsons! I can't bear to think what may be happening in India.

J. C. TREWIN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Dudintsev and Dostoevsky

ONE OF THE VITAL FUNCTIONS of substantial drama is to widen the frontiers of sympathetic understanding and insight by making us share the experience of people with whom, at other times, we deeply disagree. That is why I, for one, deplore the absence of persuasive human portraits of Russian Communists in contemporary plays. I know that the sort of drama I am asking for probably does not exist, not only because English playwrights lack the imagination, experience, or merely the inclination to provide it, but because of the subordination of artistic activity to political direction in Soviet Russia.

What, in such circumstances, warrants the English publisher's description of Vladimir Dudintsev's novel *Not By Bread Alone* as 'sensational' is not so much its calculated exposure of bureaucratic injustice and careerism, on which Western attention has been centred. As a matter of fact, except in some of the more disturbing administrative details—the fact that the unabsorbed scientist had to work on without a ration-card, to live not by bread at all but on potatoes, and that he could be sentenced to eight years in a Siberian camp for what was obviously only a technical breach of the code of official secrecy—the book makes a criticism of officialdom and reactionary social solidarity that could be made at any time in almost any centralised community. It is much more than the coincidence that both are concerned with pipes that makes *Not By Bread Alone* strongly reminiscent of Ibsen's 'An Enemy of the People', which was broadcast by the B.B.C. earlier this



'Balance of Terror' on November 21, with (left to right) John Stone as Harry Radcliff, Frederick Schiller as Dorfmann, and Julia Arnall as Anna Fortner

brought to take the part of the Virgin in the Christmas performance: Obey is not pedantic about our dramatic history.

Here was an escape into the distance. It was a jolt after this to reach Peter Shaffer's 'Balance of Terror', spy stuff, a complicated bit of double-bluffing in a highly topical and uneasy setting. 'I cannot exaggerate the importance of the mission', said the Colonel. Later we learn more about this Colonel after we have groped a path through the maze of Top Secrets and the 'dope' on international ballistic missiles. The cast, led by John Stone—who managed to escape—played up gallantly; and if, at the end, I found myself saying 'Phew!' (like Ronald Searle's spider after it had contemplated the biggest of all webs), that was

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year. What is really new and therefore important—even if we rate Dudintsev as a good novelist rather than a great one—is the sense he gives us of what it is humanly like to be a Russian today, how such people think and feel, what their purposes, ideals and behaviour are.

One of the best available ways of getting these impressions into perspective is to contrast them with what we experience of Russia from the writers of the old regime, and pre-eminently from Dostoevsky, who also had a nearly disastrous collision with the powers that were but remained passionately Russian. It was a brilliant decision of the Drama Department to present, in the Third Programme on Sunday night last week, an adaptation of *The Brothers Karamazov* and, in the Home Service on the following evening, an adaptation of *Not By Bread Alone*, both in versions by David Tutaev.

Naturally, as I think, the greater novel lost most in adaptation. The form chosen was relatively unsatisfactory, centring the action in the court where Mitya was on trial for the murder of his father, bringing in the main material as evidence rather than action, or in loosely connected and sometimes brief flash-back scenes, reducing Father Zossima to a minor character and practically confining the spiritual Alyosha to the role of explanatory commentator. Surely he might at least have kept to vivid eye-witnessing instead of lapsing into the mere narration of 'Mitya took his seat before the judges with a most oblivious air. He looked neither at Katerina Ivanovna nor at Grushenka', and so on.

On the other hand, the Dudintsev novel, which also culminates in the conviction of an innocent man, was allowed to develop to that climax, not retrospectively retrieved, and the result was a drama that held the interest. Mr. Tutaev had sacrificed some of the complexities in the personal relations of the independent inventor and the woman who loves and helps him to complete his work, triumph over his accusers, and find his right place in the world. Consequently this wife of an unscrupulous administrator-husband who forsakes her comfortable home, sells her mink coat to give the inventor money, and takes her child to live with him was in some danger of declining into a mere culture-heroine, a fate from which she was saved by Renee Goddard's fully humanised performance. Michael Gwynn, as the inventor, John Gabriel as the insensitive but not incredible bureaucrat, and Carleton Hobbs, with a clever character-study of an eccentric old inventor, also succeeded in making contemporary Russians human, no better than ourselves and no worse, without making them merely ourselves with Russian names, and had every assistance from John Gibson's thoroughly perceptive production.

'Drop this Dostoevsky stuff', says the bureaucrat impatiently, and Dudintsev's people are indeed the new Russians, no longer, like Dostoevsky's, passion's slaves. The Karamazovs naturally provide opportunities for stronger emotional acting, which were well taken, in Frederick Bradnum's compassionate production, by Frank Pettingell, as the greedy, lecherous old father, and by Hugh Burden, Peter Coke, and Marius Goring, as the spiritual, intellectual, and sensual sons, all of whose lives are touched with tragedy by the lure of the flesh personified in Grushenka.

ROY WALKER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Blake v. Reynolds

When Sir Joshua Reynolds died

All Nature was degraded:

The King dropped a tear into the Queen's ear,

And all his pictures faded.

THERE IS NO NEED to say who was the author

of those lines; Blake seems to have spent his whole life convinced that kind, clear-minded, classical Sir Joshua was the golden fool who had observed too long the golden rule. He was the complete representative of the cultural establishment of the time, and Blake's fury with him on this account must have been exacerbated by the fact that they both knelt before the same supreme idol, Michelangelo. Blake had it on the authority of the archangel Gabriel that Michelangelo was the greatest master of them all, and Reynolds saw to it that the divine name should be the last word he would pronounce in his discourses at the Academy. Blake's violent annotations on his copy of the *Discourses*, which are printed in the Nonesuch edition, make such fascinating reading because they reveal so plainly the clash between two spiritual ideals; a clash that is relevant not merely to the eighteenth century but to all time.

Our Blakes and Reynolds's battle today just as in the ancient world the ideas of Pythagoras battled with those of Protagoras. But in the case of Blake and Reynolds the danger is to oversimplify; there were elements in the thought of each that might at first sight be attributed to the other. Blake's visionary wish to restore what he called the 'Originals' suggests a vague, generalised, inexact mind, and Reynolds' classical ideal suggests the precise opposite. Yet it was Blake who worshipped the exact, who said to Moser, who had advised him to study Rubens, 'These things that you call finished are not even begun, how can they be finished? The man who does not know the beginning cannot know the end of art'. While for Reynolds all art was concerned with its general effect—detail had hardly a momentary consequence.

It was this paradox which engaged Professor Edgar Wind in his Third Programme talk on Blake and Reynolds, which was part of a series of programmes in celebration of Blake's bicentenary. Professor Wind took the Sixth Discourse on Imitation as his focal point, and examined both men's attitude to a question that is so much less vital to the artists of today than it was then. Dr. Wind quotes Blake as saying that 'servile copying is the great merit of copying' and Reynolds as insisting that it is by the imaginative entry into one man's spirit that we develop our own spirit. Reynolds wished to paraphrase Michelangelo, Blake gains his visionary and obsessive quality precisely through the literalness of his copying. Professor Wind claims that in this matter it was Reynolds who was anti-pedantic and Blake who was the pedant.

It was an interesting and brilliantly argued view to take, but after I had heard the talk it left me a little uncertain what effect it was intended to have on our view of Blake. Was it meant to suggest an unexpected limitation in Blake's genius? Professor Wind spoke as an art historian, making surprisingly few references to Blake the poet—which is by far the most important aspect of his genius. The belief that his vision was determined and exact may have been a real limitation to him as a visual artist. His hatred of the whole Mediterranean tradition made him say that 'we do not want either Greek or Roman Models if we are but just and true to our own Imagination, those Worlds of Eternity in which we live for ever, in Jesus Our Lord'. But as a visual artist he entered the world of the imagination via Greek and Roman models which were misunderstood in his misunderstanding of Michelangelo. There was no similar limitation in his poetry. 'Imagination' is reached with absolute ease, and the vision is exact and determined in a way which does not correspond to the simplicity of the engravings. Professor Wind showed the nature of Blake's literalness, but beyond implying that obsession came out of this literalness, he did not intend to show how it entered into the highest reaches

of his imagination. 'Art and Science cannot exist but in minutely organised Particulars', Blake says in 'Jerusalem'. Like the esoteric philosophies of the East, to which he is so akin, his mad mysticism is composed of the sanest possible particles. But I am not sure whether this was the main burden of Professor Wind's talk or not.

MICHAEL SWAN

MUSIC

A Forgotten Right?

FOR AS LONG as I have followed the musical activities of the B.B.C. the periods on Wednesdays before and after the nine o'clock news in what is now the Home Service have been filled by a symphony concert, an oratorio or other large choral work, or, occasionally, by an opera in concert-form. This was a tradition established early in the history of broadcasting and the few departures from it were occasioned by special circumstances. Even in wartime listeners could usually hear a concert of serious music on Wednesdays at eight o'clock.

In the past year or two there has been a tendency to lop off the second part of the concert in some of the regional programmes, and since the new schedule of broadcasting came into being two months ago, on several Wednesdays the time allotted to the concert on all wavelengths has been reduced to an hour. Last week, listeners were given only the fag-end—by which I mean no disrespect to John Ireland's 'The Forgotten Rite'—of a concert by the B.B.C. Orchestra at Huddersfield. And even that was not available on all wavelengths. Yet we were solemnly promised that, under the new scheme, the Home Service would have more music in it than ever. It is a poor way of fulfilling this promise to whittle down the main fixture of the week and to point to such programmes as 'Encore' or 'Morning Melody' or 'Music Album', estimable though they may be according to their kind, as evidence of the great quantity of music purveyed.

To make up for this default, the Home Service gave us earlier in the evening a programme about Albert Sammons, a talk by Sir Adrian Boult illustrated with recordings of Sammons' performances. Sir Adrian spoke about the violinist with the direct simplicity that comes of sincerity and allowed plenty of time for the music which was the best tribute of all. Sammons was shown to be a great artist whose only misfortune was being born into a generation in which an English musician could still not hope to become a 'top-ranking international celebrity'. As an interpreter of Elgar's Violin Concerto he was second only to Kreisler, whose purity of style he emulated. Of his interpretation of classical music we were given a sizable sample from Mozart's Concertante Symphony, Lionel Tertis being the incomparable violist. I hope some of our violinists of today will study this recording and note the cleanness of the phrasing and the absence of those horrible scoops up to notes that disfigure so much fiddling, no less than singing. And Sammons was as great in chamber-music as in concertos. He led the London String Quartet in its great days, and his long association with William Murdoch, the pianist, should not be forgotten—it was the only important oversight in this admirably conceived tribute.

The week opened with a miniature French festival. Bizet's 'Djamileh' which has not been performed here since the days of Beecham's English company nearly forty years ago, received its first broadcasts. Despite the efforts of a capable cast under Leo Wurmser's direction and one or two characteristic flashes of inspiration such as Djamileh's lament, the little piece made a rather insipid entertainment. The feeble story



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inspired only conventional *opéra comique* music without even an attempt at the exotic effect we might expect of the composer of 'Les Pêcheurs de Perles'.

The excellent Vegh String Quartet played Debussy's work in G minor on Monday evening. Though the beginning of the first movement was rather matter-of-fact—owing, I think, to the omission of a hint at a breath, an *atempause*, between the first two notes of the theme—this

was a beautiful performance. The Scherzo was a wonderful study in speed and lightness. In the Trio and again in the slow movement, the violoncello was apt to be too prominent and its performer did not phrase the melody at No. 13 in the slow movement expressively. Hindemith's Third Quartet made a suitable contrast to this *fin de siècle* poem with its solid German virtues including an amount of Romantic melodiousness rather surprising in the young Hindemith. Karl

Höller's Quartet in C major (be it noted), which was played by the Stross Quartet in the previous week, showed that these virtues have not even yet been wholly extinguished.

On Tuesday Irma Kolassi continued with a recital of Debussy the excellent series of French Song, to which Camille Maurane contributed a fine performance of Fauré's 'La bonne chanson' on the previous Wednesday.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Diderik Buxtehude: a Lonely Figure

By HAROLD TRUSCOTT

Buxtehude's 'The Last Judgment' ('Das jüngste Gericht') will be broadcast at 7.35 p.m. on Sunday, December 1 (Third)

WHEN the Danish Buxtehude settled in Lübeck in 1668 musical frontiers were still very much imaginary; there was not the sharp line of demarcation which later came on the scene and which is only today being gradually broken down. In a sense, the general internationalism of the Middle Ages, not an unmixed blessing so far as art is concerned, lingered on in the arts long after it was dead elsewhere, so that the generally accepted conclusion that Buxtehude was, in effect, a North German composer one can accept as merely convenient. But even in its broadest sense it is scarcely true. It would be nearer the mark to say that one aspect of north German music, best known today but little known at the time, came to exhibit a frame of mind and an outlook whose origin was not German at all: an origin which has been lost sight of through the peculiar musical-historical tendency of the time.

As with all true teachers, Buxtehude absorbed as well as imparted, and it is not surprising if some of the mannerisms of the already existing North German school of composers rubbed off on him, or that one can note in his later work the influence of one of his own pupils, Georg Böhm. But he gave more than he took, and what he gave in particular was a sense of the open air, a coolness and a freedom of movement which are characteristic of Scandinavian music in general and of Danish music especially; it can be found in Danish music from the sixteenth century onwards, and the considerable number of foreign musicians who helped to form Denmark's musical nature were all affected by it, even when the music written before they went to Denmark shows no sign of it. The same quality can be found again in Kuhlau (a German), Berwald, Nielsen, Emborg, Holmböe and Rosenberg. I do not pretend that this quality is easy, or even possible, to describe; it is not. None the less, any performance of such a work as Buxtehude's chorale prelude 'Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland' and any similar work by, for instance, Samuel Scheidt or, contemporary with Buxtehude, Pachelbel, will immediately show the difference and this open feeling of freedom in the Buxtehude. It is not in the music of his German predecessors; it came in with him. This is not a comparison of relative merit, but an attempt to state a fundamental difference of style and outlook and, as with most things in music, it can only be stated in terms of other music which embodies it or as definitely does not. The earlier German music of this school is enclosed, is essentially music for indoors.

Now, strangely enough, this enclosed quality is apparent in a good deal of Buxtehude's vocal music and exists quite happily along with the more obvious freedom of the organ music. The Handelian squareness of the writing in many of the Latin motets, or cantatas, goes side by side with the amazingly free variation technique of

the chorale preludes for organ, a technique which is developed tremendously in the Bach works in the same genre. A comparison between the chorale prelude already mentioned and any one of the four settings by Bach is enlightening. Bach does not by any means invariably state the chorale tune as a variation in his chorale preludes as a whole; it is a trait he developed in later life. But it is so stated in each of these four settings, as it is in Buxtehude's, and this is an almost invariable habit in the latter's work. But there is a curious problem involved in the consideration of Buxtehude's influence on Bach.

That there is such an influence is undeniable, but it has almost always been traced back to Buxtehude's own debt to north German music. This, as I have said, does exist but it is far smaller than is generally conceded, and Bach is, in a way, a test case. Bach never fitted in with the school of which he is considered to be the greatest member. His work aroused almost general antagonism, and if it is examined in the light of the work of his predecessors and contemporaries, with one exception, the colossal difference, apart from genius, is plain. The one connection it has is with Buxtehude, in whose work is exhibited the only other texture at all comparable with that of Bach. But Bach's music, for musicians generally, only emerged the best part of a century after his death, by which time musicians were at a sufficient distance mistakenly to see Bach simply as the most important projection of the north German tendencies of his own time. This illusion has necessarily been the cause of much misunderstanding of Buxtehude's position and style.

In a sense, Buxtehude is almost as lonely a figure as Bach, in spite of the great popularity accorded him and the immense success of the *Abendmusiken*; he is lonely in that he has no successor except the even more lonely German Cantor, until we come to Beethoven and Brahms. Nowhere is this seen more than in the contrast between his vocal music and his organ music, both chorale preludes and the works in freer style. Where the latter shows almost from the start the characteristic freedom, the former only slowly gropes towards the free instrumental-vocal interchangeability that is so characteristic of Bach. Buxtehude's contemporaries never did move in this direction. His progress in this department was from the stiffer style I have called enclosed, characteristic of his contemporaries, to the instrumental vocal technique of Bach, which, again, was in all probability strongly shaped by Buxtehude's progress.

A consideration of the difference between the comparatively stilted and four-square technique of, for instance, 'Aperiti mihi portas justitiae' and the magnificent freedom of the E minor organ Chaconne, obtained subtly from the necessitated repetition of each new phrase, or, to keep the comparison to vocal works, the variation-technique of the cantata 'Jesu, meine

Freude', is surprising; it is also deceptive, for it is basically the same technique which is producing both. Without the former, the freely moving and expanding variations of the cantata (a vocal forerunner of the Bach chorale partita) would not have room to breathe; it is from the stiff, four-square framework that the music is able to range freely without losing its way. If there is one composer prior to Buxtehude in whose work one can discern adumbrations of such a style it is Heinrich Schütz, who would appear to be one of Buxtehude's rare formative influences. But Schütz does not begin to apply such a structure to the variation in any form. And, ultimately, the individuality of Buxtehude's music, allowing for all surface acceptance of prevailing conventions, rests on what is probably the first application on such a scale of variation-technique, used as the basis of the profound religious expression which shines almost uniformly from his music, vocal or instrumental. There are few things finer in the whole of classical melodic variation than the variations of chorale tunes shown in the vocal lines of his solo arias, while his choruses display harmonic variations of the stature of Beethoven and Brahms at their best.

The massive oratorio, 'Das jüngste Gericht', written in mid-career in 1683, shows both techniques operating in as subtle a manner as can be found anywhere in his work. The five parts each begin with an instrumental introduction, or Sonata, and the ensuing arias and choruses culminate in each case in the appearance of a chorale, of which they are, in fact, complete or partial variations. This fascinating process is simultaneously used for subtle characterisation, with special force in the arias of the Evil Spirit and the Good Spirit. The instrumentation is clear and lucent, and provides a truly memorable moment at the end of Part III, where strings and harpsichord continuo alternate with voices and organ continuo. Than this work there is no finer means of appreciating the genius of this great musician at its most delicate and robust.

A long-playing version of 'The History of Music in Sound' (which had its origin in a series of B.B.C. broadcasts edited by Professor Gerald Abraham) is to be issued on H.M.V. records. Volumes I to VII of the series are now available. Particulars and further information may be obtained from E. M. I. Records, Ltd., 8-11, Great Castle Street, London, W.1.

* * *

A suitable Christmas present for any family interested in music is the *Music Dictionary* compiled by Marilyn Kornreich Davis in collaboration with Arnold Broido (Faber, 12s. 6d.). It contains 800 simple and concise definitions of musical words, foreign terms, and instruments, and is lavishly illustrated by Winifred Greene. Besides drawings of players and instruments, many of an amusing character, there are numerous musical illustrations. The pronunciation of terms is indicated phonetically. The book was originally published in the U.S.A., and it is explained that the changes made for the English edition have been kept to a minimum.



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COQ AU VIN

Cut up a small chicken into joints and brown them gently in a pan in butter. When they begin to brown add some pieces of onion and cook them gently until they start to soften. When the pieces of chicken are golden brown on both sides, drain off the fat and shake over a little finely chopped onion and 2 tablespoons of flour. Turn the pieces of chicken over and over to mix thoroughly, then add about $\frac{1}{4}$ a bottle of Burgundy and an equal quantity of stock (which you will have made out of the giblets). Add a little tomato paste, a *bouquet garni*, bacon rind, salt and pepper, and simmer gently for 40 minutes.

While it is cooking prepare the garnish. Cut up a piece of streaky bacon (about $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.) into pieces an inch square, boil for 10 minutes, then strain. Poach a few shallots in water and strain. Slice some mushrooms and *sauté* in a little butter. *Sauté* the strained shallots and bacon also in a little butter. (You should have already added the rind of the bacon to the chicken mixture.) When the chicken is cooked, arrange the pieces on a dish and strain the sauce over them, arranging the garnish round the dish.

ANN HARDY

LEEKES À LA GRECQUE

As an *hors d'œuvre*, I wonder if you have tried chicory or leeks à la Grecque? Actually, à la Grecque is a method of preparation adaptable to many vegetables such as artichokes, chicory, celery, and so on. The method for leeks à la Grecque is identical for the other vegetables.

Use only the white part of big leeks. Blanch

by putting into cold water and then boiling gently for 6 or 7 minutes. Strain, cool slightly, and put in a small saucepan with these five ingredients: a glass of white wine, a good coffee-cup of olive oil, the juice of a lemon, a few tiny onions, and salt and peppercorns. Just cover with boiling water and cook quickly for $\frac{1}{4}$ of an hour. Now strain, and put them in an *hors d'œuvre* dish with all the condiments.

Finally, boil down the liquor in which they were cooked until there is no water left and pour this nectar over the leeks. Serve very cold.

ANN HARDY

FISH PIE

Mix the cooked fish (you can use whiting or flake) with some quartered and peeled tomatoes, add seasonings, put into a greased pie-dish, and cover with cream of tomato soup. Bake this for 15 minutes, and then cover with mashed potato to which you have added grated cheese (an ounce of cheese to a pound of mashed potato). Return to the oven to brown the potato.

ANNE WILD

MOSS ON THE TILES

A listener writes: 'The roof tiles of my bungalow are continually coated with moss. Can you advise me how to remove it and how to prevent it coming again?' This is a problem which frequently arises, and existing moss can be dealt with by the application of fungicides, obtainable from most builders' merchants, and sold for removing moss growth. These solutions wash off after a time, however, and will not prevent further moss growing. Solutions containing

copper salts prevent moss growing, and one convenient method of obtaining a regular supply of these salts to the roof is to fix bare copper wires along the ridges. Rain-water washings from these wires become contaminated with copper and help to keep the tiles clean.

H. J. ELDRIDGE

Most people feel the need to diet at some time in their lives. The diet known in medical circles as the high-protein diet is one of general application which causes loss of weight without any decrease of energy. In *The High Protein Diet and Cookery Book* (Andre Deutsch, 13s. 6d.) Theodora Fitz-Gibbon and Michael Hemans have planned recipes to take the reader through every meal for two weeks in the summer and two in the winter. There is nothing eccentric or unsatisfying about these recipes—in fact many of them will be valued quite apart from their use as part of the diet.

Notes on Contributors

JOHN WOOD (page 875): on the staff of a merchant bank

T. W. HUTCHISON (page 877): Professor of Economics, Birmingham University since 1956; author of *A Review of Economic Doctrines 1870-1929*, *The Significance and Basic Postulates of Economic Theory*, etc.

EDGAR WIND (page 879): Professor of the History of Art, Oxford University; formerly Professor of Art History, Chicago University; author of *Bellini's Feast of the Gods: A Study in Venetian Humanism*

LEONARD CLARK (page 887): author of *Sark Discovered*, *The Mirror* (poems), etc.

Crossword No. 1,435.

Mainly About People.

By Tyke

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Closing date: first post on Thursday, December 5. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crossword the Editor's decision is final



The across lights are names of persons (living and dead) well known in their respective spheres. The majority are British. Two are fictional. In some cases, a name relates to more than one individual. The names may be grouped into nine pairs, in each of which there is the same relationship between the two names. Down clues are normal.

CLUES—DOWN

1. Mr. Butler's elected? He should have an Oscar as the leader of a group of people given to making sounds of varying degrees of attractiveness! (5)
2. Almeric's transfiguration was generally regarded as a supernatural event (7)
3. One film-star stands on his head, advertising another's Christian name (5)
4. Two sons of a wind-instrumentalist beat the drum together (3-3)
5. A former statesman and historian is now parked in London (4)
6. A burrowing animal absorbs something like an hour in constructing an entrance to an underground cavity (3-4)
7. Little Emily has swallowed a decapitated spider and is showing the outer skin (9)
8. French river-fishing net (5)

9. Relatively a small case—an in-between, so to speak (5)
10. Linnaeus's name for a curiously irradant class of plants with three stamens (9)
11. A choir, rather out of harmony, in the central bit of Goldmark's 'Wedding' Symphony (the arrangement for an old, two-stringed instrument) (7)
12. The patron saint of Barcelona could make a fair speech in Greek (7)
13. Describes a bishop's headgear, although it wouldn't quite suit Latimer (6)
14. Black Chinese tea (but surely you wouldn't use it with water from its namesake) (5)
15. A sempstress evidently worked with this in Shakespeare's time (that is not long ago, old man!) (5)
16. German river (a suitable alternative will be accepted here) (4)

Solution of No. 1,433

3	3	9	1	5	5
2	5	6	1	1	1
4	1	6	3	2	0
2	7	2	5	0	2
1	8	7	6	4	8
8	1	4	1	2	9

NOTES

If c is the smallest side of a triangle ABC, the elements of the 'tricyquad' are: $Mc + bc$, ac , $b^2 - c^2$, Ma , ab , where $M = (a^2 - c^2)/b$. Small values are obtained by choosing b as a factor of $a^2 - c^2$, and by removing common factors from the sets.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: B. Tupper (Hitchin); 2nd prize: D. J. Kenworthy (Oxford); 3rd prize: R. Whitehead (Camborne)

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